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HIGH TIMES

JUNE 1982

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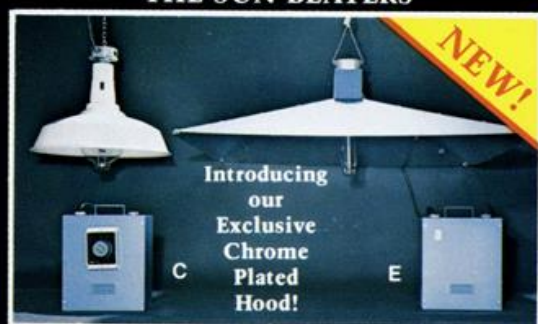
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HIGH TIMES

No. 82 June '82

FEATURES

Interview: "R." The Dope Connoisseur by Andy Kowl and Larry Sloman
That's right, it's the *arbiter elegantiarum* himself. Finally, after all the years of begging and pleading, the Connoisseur deigns to be interviewed by his own magazine. Hear him talk movingly about his early apprenticeship, the Great Mexican-Colombian Shift of the '70s, and his inability to roll a decent joint . . .

Sex & Drugs & Tom Forcade by Dean Latimer, *Sordid Affairs* Editor
It's our eighth anniversary this month, and what better way to celebrate than stumbling down Memory Lane with our *Sordid Affairs* Editor. Deano's been pumping copy (among other things) around here since issue *one*, and his reminiscence of *HIGH TIMES* founder—could-be dope smuggler, maybe genius—Tom Forcade tells it *exactly* like it was . . .

Centerfold: Personal Effects

You Can't Get No Satisfaction? by Sharon O'Hara
With sexual liberation comes sexual responsibilities, notes our author; now that the men realize that there is no free box lunch, it's time for the women to get off their backs and on the stick . . .

Stand Back! Here Comes the Force! by John A. Keel
Leapin' lounge chairs and floating chifforobes are just some of the assorted phantasmagoria that's been going down in front of our unbelieving eyeballs since time immemorial. Whether you call it spiritualism, psychokinesis or weird shit, there's money to be made in making your Uncle Bill squawk like a duck. Here's the lowdown . . .

Sneak Preview: Conan the Barbarian by Michael Wilmington
He came from Cimmeria brandishing eight inches of cold barbarian steel for his enemies and burying ten inches of hot barbarian wang into his girl friends. They called him Conan. Once he roamed Hyboria; now he's at your local theaters. Grab your broadswords and follow us. . . .

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

High Court Muddies Waters in Head-Gear Controversy . . . Amotivated Narcs . . . Court Puts New Bite in Airport Dope Dogs . . . Colombian Political Scion Dimes on Coke Syndicate . . . Alcohol Shrinks Testicles . . . New Drug Plague Looms for Christian Children . . . Dilantin for Depression . . .

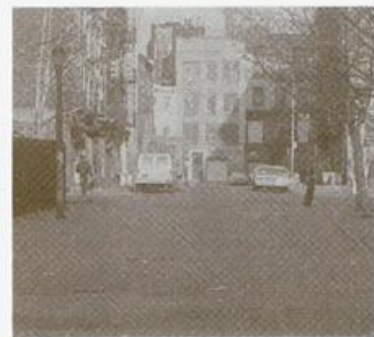
Trans-High Market Quotations

DEPARTMENTS

Flashes Grappling with the Go-gos; Happy Birthday to us
Connoisseur Indica or sativa . . . or both
Abuse Folio Persian heroin
Grow American The people's choice
Cocaine Confidential Toots: The history of a cocaine shipment
High Times Classified
Sounds Punk rethink; Monk defunct
Last Words Take the *HIGH TIMES* survey



Cover photo
Courtesy of Universal Pictures



45 Into the Nightlife
by John Lombardi
Before the gentrification of junk, most heroin addicts had brown skin and flat noses. They didn't live in fashionable neighborhoods, dress in fashionable clothes or eat fashionable foods. They didn't wear their smack habits like a suntan from the south of France. Now they do and nobody understands why.



71 Seeds 'n' Stems: The URA Peril
A Special Newsletter from the Defunct County Parents Up in Arms
Breathing, sucking wind, whatever you care to call it, in young men and women under the age of 21 it all amounts to URA—Unsupervised Respiratory Activity.

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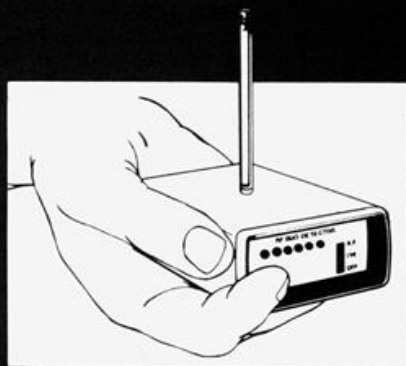
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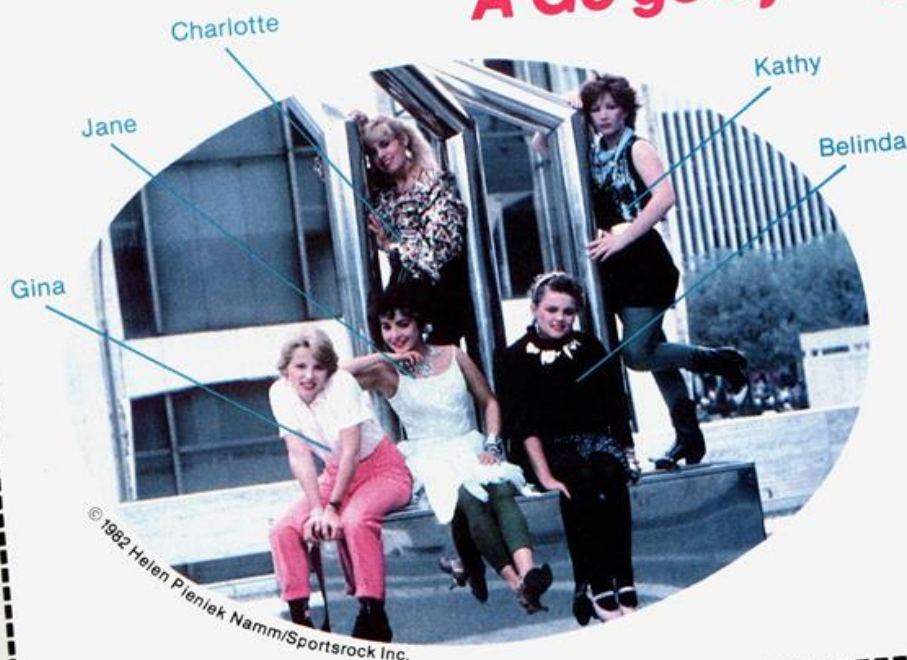
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A Go-go by Any Other Name

by Glenn O'Brien



Okay, you've got their pictures and here are their names: Belinda, Kathy, Jane, Gina and Charlotte. Now see if you can match each Go-go's face and name with their contributions to the interview printed below. You have exactly eight minutes. Begin now.

Belinda: — — — — —
 Kathy: — — — — —
 Jane: — — — — —
 Gina: — — — — —
 Charlotte: — — — — —

Glenn: Did you think of a lot of other names before you settled on the Go-gos?

Go-go¹: The Plots and the Misfits. Those are the only ones I can remember.

Go-go²: I think we would have gone a lot farther as the Plots.

Glenn: Whose idea was the band?

Go-go³: Belinda and Jane.

Glenn: Did you know one another socially or did you have auditions, or what?

Go-go⁴: We were friends.

Glenn: Are you all from L.A.?

Go-go⁵: No. Right now we're based in L.A., but we're all from different parts. I'm from Boston. She's from Texas. Jane's from Wisconsin. Belinda and Charlotte are from Hollywood.

Glenn: Did you decide you weren't going to have boys in your band, or did it just turn out that way?

Go-go⁶: All the boys were already taken.

Glenn: Why do you think people call your band an all-girl band but they don't call other bands all-boy bands?

Go-go⁷: I say all-boy bands. I'm always asking them how it feels to be in an all-boy band. People treat them differently.

Glenn: Do you still enjoy touring around like this?

Go-go⁸: Sure.

Glenn: Do you always take a bus?

Go-go⁹: No, sometimes we fly.

Go-go¹⁰: I feel really gross after I fly. Really horrible. My skin feels creepy.

Glenn: I've heard airline stewardesses don't get their periods, from moving around so much from one location to another.

Go-go¹¹: Yeah, that could be. Every time we go on the road everything gets all out of kilter, so to speak.

Go-go¹²: Yeah, we get them at the same time.

Glenn: That is supposed to happen in groups of women. They get synchronized.

Go-go¹³: It's true.

Go-go¹⁴: It's awful if only one buys Tampax.

Glenn: Do you follow any baseball teams?

Go-go¹⁵: I'm not interested in sports. It's not that I hate it. I just don't care about it.

Go-go¹⁶: I don't want to play sports, but I don't like being a spectator of anything. I don't even like being a spectator at a concert.

Glenn: Did you get separate rooms when you checked into the hotel?

Go-go¹⁷: Yes. It's because we're in New York. Everybody has boyfriends and friends.

Glenn: What if you're in Dubuque?

Go-go¹⁸: On the road we all share rooms.

Glenn: Are there any combinations that don't work?

Go-go¹⁹: No, we all get along.

Glenn: Aren't you all rich?

Go-go²⁰: Do we look like we're rich?

Go-go²¹: Our money all goes into this account and we don't get any at all.

Go-go²²: They keep saying we're going to get money any day now.

Glenn: That happened to Blondie. They kept asking where their money was and the company always said, "It's in the pipeline."

Go-go²³: That's where our money is.

Go-go²⁴: A long, long pipeline.

Go-go²⁵: It must be the Alaskan pipeline.



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by Andy Kowl

Eight years ago Tom Forcade printed 20,000 copies of a slick magazine with a silver foil cover called **HIGH TIMES: The Magazine of High Society**. People had published underground periodicals about the dope scene and scientific journals about drugs before, but this was "The only magazine dedicated solely to getting high... Really high." It blew people's minds.

Many of our longtime readers reminisce about the first time they saw a copy of **HIGH TIMES**. They were outraged and delighted by the color pictures of bricks and buds, and the pages of advertising the likes of which had never been imagined (and are ironically, today, unimaginable again, thanks to the Supreme Court). The first press run sold out almost immediately and we printed two more batches of that issue before printing 50,000 copies of the second and 100,000 of the third. All sold out.

Tom surrounded himself with an epic cast of characters: writers, photographers, dealers, smugglers, mystics, scam artists, assorted ne'er-do-wells, and hangers-on of every description. The staff itself would change regularly with periodic wholesale purges. Often those fired would be hired back with equal regularity. And as the stature of **HIGH TIMES** grew over the years, we were visited by various dignitaries. Writers Hunter Thompson and Albert Goldman, radicals Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, singers Jimmy Buffett, Joni Mitchell and Debbie Harry, ac-



HIGH TIMES

tors Elliott Gould, Chevy Chase and Cheech & Chong, journalists Geraldo Rivera and Larry Flynt all stopped by our offices. There was rarely a dull moment.

Take the time our L.A. offices were raided by two uniformed cops. It was heebie-jeebie time until, on closer examination, the "cops" turned out to be none other than John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, who were working on a Beach Boys TV special down the hall. They wound up schmoozing with our crack ad staff and left a half hour later, after copping a lot of rolling papers, back issues and calendars.

I am the only staff member left who was fortunate enough to have been here in 1974 and to have shared with Tom the sweat and the glory. I saw the incredible intelligence and ingenuity he put into the magazine. The care.

You had to know Tom to appreci-

ate how special he was. It went far beyond the magazine. He developed a curious love/hate relationship with almost everyone he touched; and he never failed to have a profound effect on his friends and lovers. He was a mystery man, his name never appearing in the magazine until his tragic death in 1978, when **HIGH TIMES** was four years old.

On this, the eighth anniversary of **HIGH TIMES**, we are running two stories about Tom and some discussion of him in our feature interview. They do little more than scratch the surface of what this man was about. But read about the man who founded this magazine: I hope you'll find him as fascinating as we did.

The legacy Tom left us has taken root and grown. Today **HIGH TIMES** has over 2 million readers every month. We are used as the source of drug information by all major networks, magazines and newspapers in this country. Top writers, photographers and illustrators contribute regularly to the publication. We are damn proud of our magazine.

Now we need your help. Please take a few moments to fill out the survey questionnaire on the last two pages of this issue. This will be a great help to allow us to better serve you in the future. You will be helping to carry us well into the future. Thank you from all of us for reading **HIGH TIMES**.



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For further information call Smoke-In Central: (212) 533-5028.



Adolfo Sanchez

BOYCOTT HAWAII

Editor:

In a past issue [August '81], *HIGH TIMES* asked its readers to boycott Bolivian coke. Possibly you could now ask your readers to boycott the state of Hawaii when they vacation. I realize what I am asking for, if it can be accomplished, will be devastating to the economy of Hawaii and to my business; nevertheless, I ask that tourists go elsewhere until the residents of Hawaii are given protection from unwarranted searches.

I live in and run a business in a rural area on the island of Oahu. I have had ten warranted searches of my property and home over the past three years. It is scary! I have complained, only to be investigated to see if I am growing dope. Bah!

The police over here have a 50-person harvest squad. This group of gun-toting thugs go from yard to yard to yard in the poorer rural areas of Oahu harvesting dope. In the process they scare growers and non-growers alike. They arrest the few brave souls that dare challenge them. Most people flee their houses and watch from a safe distance.

— Name and address withheld
Hauula, Hawaii

HIGH TIMES is an acknowledged source of expert information on a wide variety of subjects. If you have any questions pertaining to drugs, law, health, et cetera, we'd be pleased to hear from you. Send all letters to: *HIGH TIMES* Adviser, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023. Our editors are standing by.

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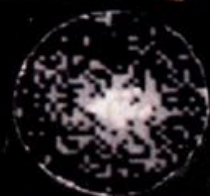
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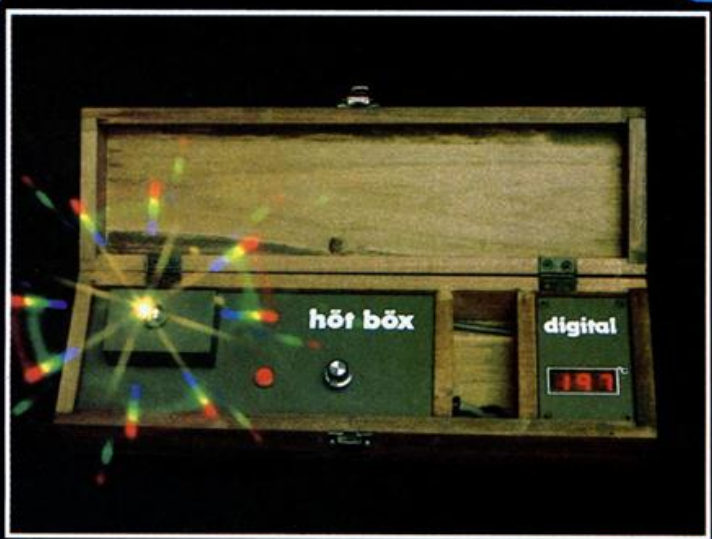
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FLASHES

BEGINNER'S LUCK



Editor:

This is the first time that we ever tried growing marijuana. Needless to say, we plan on growing a lot more next year, and the year after that, and the year after that...

—Name withheld
Whitley, Ky.



Here are a couple of before-and-after shots we thought you might get a kick out of. That's 80 tons of marijuana, on top, and above that, that's the same 80 tons of marijuana being burned by the federal authorities. C'est la fuckin' vie!

WHO'S HIGH

When he is not engaging in unspeakable acts or serving as an adviser to presidents, John Keel can be found prowling ancient Egyptian tombs and chasing hairy monsters. He has published a dozen books on everything from flower arranging to flying saucers, and number 13 is tentatively titled "How to Build an Atom Bomb in Your Basement." Look for it in the decaying vegetable section in your supermarket, right next to the *National Enquirer*.



DAGWOOD'S DAY OF WRATH

by Harrison Fisher

Blondie say to Cookie, "Get Herb next door. Dagwood gone crazy."

All version same. First Dagwood call for dog: "Where dog? Where damn dog?" Cur slink to frizzled master, Dagwood kick repeatedly. Thwack! "And that for soiled bed-spread!"

Now Dagwood wipe hand clean and turn to son: "Come here, Oedipal thing. I teach you to caress Blondie-Mamma with eyes," and Dagwood pummel boy with furniture.

Cookie burst in with Herb, Herb

wet from sprinkler. "Where borrowed lawn mower? Where, snivelling coot?" shout Dagwood, red as beet.

"One minute," say Herb. "This heck you raise—brrrrmph." Dagwood blacken Herb's eye, Herb run home to loosen lawn-mower blades.

Blondie already on upstairs phone to Dithers: "Dagwood not come in to—
continued on page 14

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REFLEX ACTION

Editor:

Thank you so much for your new "Abuse Folio." Me and my sorority sisters have found it a source of invaluable information, especially that bit in your March issue about how Valium depresses the gag reflex.

—Connie
New York, N.Y.

WHO'S HIGH

John Lombardi has been an editor at various publications, including the *Soho News*, *New Times* and *Penthouse*, and has written for magazines and newspapers ranging from the *Paris Herald Tribune* and the *Village Voice* to *Creem* magazine; "Into the Nightlife" will be adapted in part for inclusion in his first novel, *Skin Games*, and is dedicated to his friend, writer Lucian K. Truscott IV.



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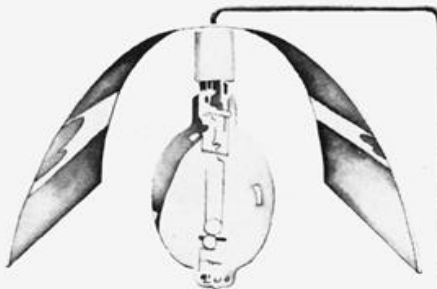
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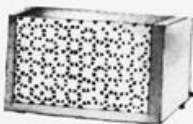
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FLASHES

continued from page 13

day. Not feeling well, okay?" Dagwood explode through bedroom door: "Is that monster who subjugate me? Give phone here."

Dagwood scream AAAAAAIIII-EEEEEEE into receiver. Dithers dumped from chair, glasses break, pop off nose, hair flies out. No raise now, never, so Dagwood say to self, "Hhhmmmm, why not finish Dithers?"

Dagwood run fast tub, throw phone in. Dithers electrocuted in office. Moustache spin like pinwheel.

Through window, Dagwood spy furious Herb running cross lawn, swinging lawn-mower blade like samurai. Dagwood mutter, "No-good sponging bastard," and rocket from bedroom for battle, fly out front door, collide with mailman Beasley.

Beasley never see Dagwood like this, stay down and play possum. Dagwood sniff Beasley, make sure he dead. "Yes, he dead. Now neighbor Herb die too." Herb still charge, wife run behind him, wave apron like flag.

Just then Cookie step from house in no clothes, not a stitch. Dagwood urge to sex daughter, but Herb like roaring banshee close in fast.

Dagwood stand ground. Deliver one-ton socko. Herb and blade like helicopter launch to next county, wife pulled along in vacuum trail.

Dagwood triumphant suddenly sheepish. Turn to home, to naked Cookie and, now, nude Blondie in doorway. Both embrace daddy-husband. Dagwood apologize: "Gee, I sorry. Guess all build up and then you know." Blondie say, "Lovable clunk-head," and deliver wet slurp for kiss.

Dagwood notice missing. "Where dog?" But dog never come home now. "Where son?" Son upstairs playing with self, but no fun now, now that Daddy prove masculine explosion and show who who.

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CORRECTION

In our March '82 issue we neglected to credit Roberta Bayley for a series of photographs that appeared on page 43, in the "I Remember Punk" spread. In addition, when we did see fit to mention her name (in the body of the text), we misspelled it. On both counts, we're sorry.

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FINALLY, THE Connoisseur was in hog heaven. All the conditions were right for a full-scale, flat-out, luxuriously catered tasting of the highest-grade gourmet grass to come out of the current California harvest.

Picture the scene. High—very high—in a penthouse with an eagle's-eye view of a major metropolis, some fellow fanciers of connoisseur-quality smoke had spread out before my bedazzled eyes a green and gold rainbow of resinous buds. Your Connoisseur had his pen and notebook ready; he had his mental palate cleared for the strenuous task of taste-testing, and he proceeded to light into no fewer than five different state-of-the-art California sinsemillas, and one foreign favorite.

They were, in order of tasting:

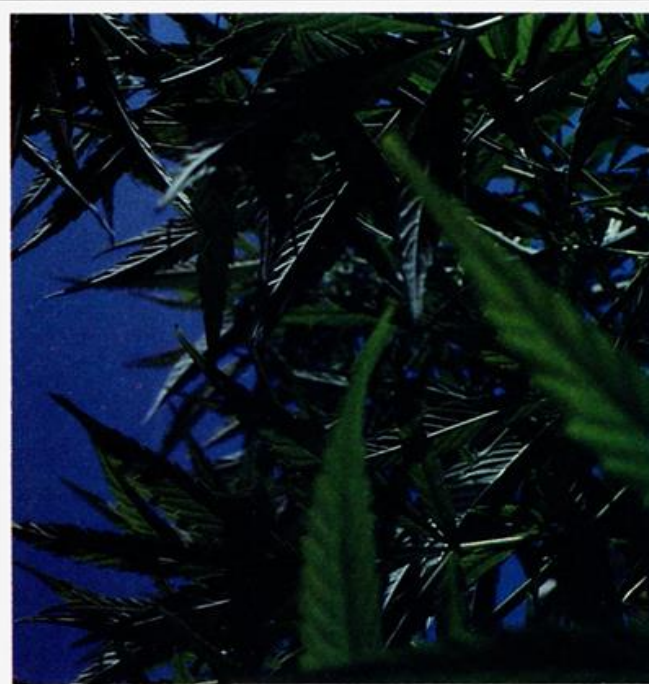
1. Sonoma County purple bud indica
2. Sativa (Colombian)-indica cross
3. Hawaiian seed-bred Kush
4. 'Ghani Kush
5. American Thai-seed bud
6. Thai import

Well, needless to say, great care was taken to sample each variety *thoroughly*, savor it slowly. I was with some thoughtful, articulate gourmets and the discussion soared beyond the "boy am I wrecked" level into certain key issues of cannabis connoisseurship that will shape the future of the domestic high.

First there is The Great Sativa versus Indica Debate among sinsemilla growers and smokers, perhaps the crucial unresolved question in the explosive development of pedigreed weed breeding by America's heroic home growers.

If you've been following the flowering of California cannabis in the last five years, you know that all you hear is indica, Kush, 'Ghani, hash-plant, call-it-what-you-want *Asian seeds*. Asian hash-plant seeds have become the basis of most of the upper-segment gourmet-grass crop.

And, of course, the indicas



THE GREAT SATIVA- INDICA DEBATE BY "R."

A plea to you growers: Give us more high-energy sativa strains along with your indicas.

have a lot going for them. Asian seeds produce those wonderful funky, skunky, heady, sweaty-smelling buds that wipe you out with their perfume alone. When smoked they quickly seem to coat the synapses with sweet molasses-thick lining, send waves of intense sensation pulsing throughout the body. Who can argue with that?

Well, there are some of us who still feel the Kush craze

has neglected the subtler virtues of *sativa*. Western Hemisphere grass has pleasures to offer, delights to reveal, that Asian can't match. After all, it was sativa seeds that blossomed into Acapulco gold, Panama red, Santa Marta gold, wacky weed.

Still for reasons more, I believe, of growing convenience, and indeed of *smell*, West Coast growers have been increasingly forsaking sativa or even

sativa-indica blends for pure indica.

Let's get down to cases here. Let's return to the six varieties tasted up in the penthouse. The most interesting of the first four was, to my sensitively attuned pod palate, number two, the sativa-indica cross. While the pure indica blends were, to make a musical metaphor, incredibly deep and strong single notes, the sativa-indica cross was like a chord; it had the complex magic of resonance on two different levels: the strong bodily physical surge of the indica, and the soaring cerebral, spacy, slightly weird and funny harmonics of the sativa. When I mentioned the livelier upbeat syncopation of the sativa cross to the tasting caterer, he confirmed a suspicion I had. "Grown from Santa Marta seeds, crossed with Kush," he said. Yes, mountain-grown Santa Marta reincarnated and married to the lush, rank, junglelike syrupy swamp of indica gives you a trip with many more than two levels to explore as they reflected each other's ripples in the stream of consciousness.

And so, a plea from the Connoisseur to the growers on behalf of those of us who still like an upbeat rather than soporific high: Give us more high-energy sativa strains along with your indicas.

Now let's get funky on the subject of indica, let's get funky and speculative because I have a theory about the popularity of Kush that may not please many of its fans, but which I have a feeling will someday turn out to be scientifically vindicated.

The theory is this: A good component of the psychoactive effect of smoking indica-based Kush and 'Ghani grass, the stuff that's popularly known as "skunk," comes in fact from the *smell and smell alone*. That's not to say the indica high's nonexistent or a mere perfumed fake. No, science is revealing more and more about the way "pheromones" or complex odor molecules, can affect the emotional, sexual, instinctual and higher levels of brain function.

continued on page 18

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CONNOISSEUR

continued from page 16

Face it, you just *love* the smell of Kush or 'Ghani. You probably judge the potency of Kush more by the rankness of its smell than by any genuine difference in its effect. And you're probably right: Much Kush has the kind of smell-induced, dramatic, breath-taking, heart-pounding effects that some people seek from the genuinely dangerous amyl and butyl nitrite tastes.

Another thing about indica: Since it's a hash plant, you get a kind of hashlike pattern to the high. It comes on real strong, it carries you along like a high-powered freight train for a while, then rumbles away rather soon. Don't you find sativa highs sometimes slower to come on, but soar faster, higher and longer? I'd like to hear more from serious grass gourmets on their reaction to The Great Sativa versus Indica Debate.

There's one final development from this special tasting that deserves some attention: number five, the American Thai. What was interesting about this sample was that it was drawn from Thai seed *just* arrived from Thailand. This was second-generation Thai. Most domestic "Thai" I've tried has been accompanied by boasts that it's a tenth- or twelfth-generation Thai, breeding in America for ages and ages. All well and good, but this second-generation American Thai was quite special. Had that camphor and cardamom Thai aroma, and that special exotic edge many American Thais lack. It was wilder, less tamed. Are some American varieties getting overbred? Losing some of their exotic charm as only those seeds that conform themselves to American ecology survive, while the ones with the most exotic Oriental character don't last as well? Do we want everything we smoke to be Americanized?

The answer to that was provided when we partook of the final treat of the tasting session, a bona fide fresh import from Thailand. "Thai Thai" we called it, to distinguish it from the California-bred U.S. Thai. Well, this Thai Thai might not have been as superficially strong as certain of the Kush varieties, number three in particular, but it was special. A high-pitched dreaminess, something like the wail of Southeast Asian music. A special spaciness, an accelerating momentum. A distinct regal personality.

The job of the American growers in the decade ahead will, I think, be to recapture the exotic qualities of the faraway places that grass used to be imported from. To give us not mere strength but that certain *strangeness*, that other-hemispheric vision people searched the world to bring back. I'd be interested in hearing from sinsemilla smokers—you quarter-ounce buyers out there, not just you righteous growers who always think any constructive criticism is an economic threat. Let's hear from you small-time grass gourmets about what direction you'd like the homegrown highs of the '80s to take. □

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No. 82

June '82

SPECIAL REPORT

HIGH COURT MUDDIES WATERS IN HEAD-GEAR CONTROVERSY

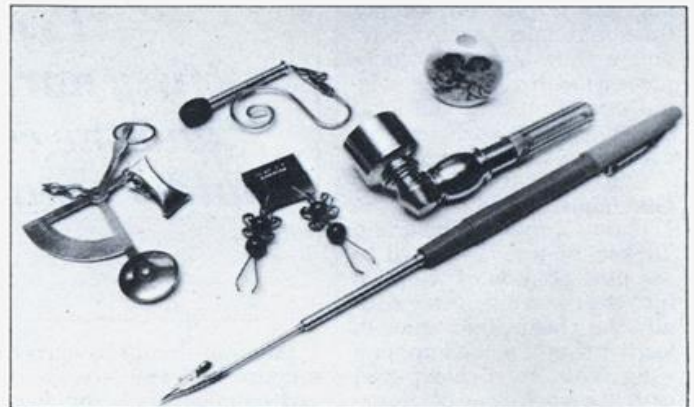
by Charles Winston-Levy

W A S H I N G T O N, D. C.

The Supreme Court this spring upheld an Illinois village ordinance that restricts the sale of so-called drug paraphernalia. The ordinance provides for the licensing of premises on which "paraphernalia" is sold and bans sales of it to minors in the village of Hoffman Estates, Illinois. The high court rejected a pre-enforcement challenge that argued the regulation was unconstitutional on its face. The challenge was mounted to prevent the ordinance from going into effect.

In the same week, the Court declined without comment to hear pre-enforcement challenges to two state paraphernalia laws. Unlike the Hoffman Estates ordinance, the state laws, which are almost identical to model legislation written and proposed by the DEA in 1979, ban sale or possession of "paraphernalia," and provide for criminal penalties. The Hoffman Estates ordinance is a civil law that restricts sale and does not address itself to individual possession.

Lawyers mounting similar challenges disagreed as to how the doctrine in the Hoffman Estates case would be applied to further pre-enforcement tests



The Daily & Sunday Herald

of headshop laws, particularly those based on the DEA Model Act. And they could only speculate as to how the courts would rule on specific cases as the paraphernalia laws go into effect and are enforced.

The DEA Model Paraphernalia Act was drafted in 1979, and since then has been distributed to the 2,000 to 3,000 single-issue antidope groups that have sprung up across the nation. These groups

have lobbied for headshop statutes and other antidrug legislation that impose penalties for activities associated with drug use, even where decriminalization laws are on the books. To date, 26 states have adopted some version of the DEA Model Act, and a federal headshop bill is currently before the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Sue Rusche is a spokeswoman for DeKalb County
continued on page 25

HOUSTON, TEXAS

COMPUTER BUST EXHUMES 10-YEAR-OLD POT RAP

TEN YEARS AGO, THERE WAS a handicraft shop in the Arkansas resort town of Eureka Springs called the West Mountain Family Store. To the Family Store in late 1972 came a few young hip entrepreneurs from North Dallas, who told the Family Store folks—three or four local Eureka Springs families, in fact, who ran the place at a respectable profit—that a terrific profit could be made by purchasing leather down in Guadalajara, Mexico. The folks in the Family Store talked it over and resolved to send down to Guadalajara with these Dallas guys one of their more reliable relatives. The relative will be known only as Richard here, because this year, 1982, Richard is beginning a five-year federal prison term for marijuana, on account of that long-ago trip to Mexico.

The folks at the Family Store nearly called it off, just before the Guadalajara trip, when one of the Dallas boys, Felix Tucker, suggested expanding operations illicitly. Noting that the local Arkansas ropeweed was of very mediocre quality, in his estimation, Tucker proposed bringing back a bundle of that famous Acapulco gold along with the leather, to really augment profits. The Family folks told Felix he was crazy, and anyhow they were doing just fine with a 100 percent legal operation and the local rope-dope was sufficient for everyone's tastes anyhow.

Still, when Richard got to Guadalajara with two of the Dallas guys, including Tucker, he was dismayed to see nine pounds of weed go into the car trunk along with all the beautiful Spanish leather they'd picked up for a song. This, to Richard, lowered the whole tone of the expedition and tarnished the entire project. The Dallas lads, however, informed him that they had set this grass buy up by themselves, with some folks back in Texas; so this was *their* trip, man, and who was he to be laying his trip on them?

"Okay," said Richard. "You do your own thing. But if you all get caught, man, it's not my weed, and I got no responsibility for it." In fact Richard got out of the car just as it reached the border,

walked across the Rio Grande alone and caught a bus back to Eureka Springs to wait for the leather.

It never got there, because Felix Tucker got popped at the border by customs, who turned him over to the federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs in Laredo. Tucker at that point told the BNDD that it was all his own grass, en route to two Dallas investors who'd fronted him the \$150 for the nine pounds (Mexican skank went *el cheapo* back then). The BNDD, precursors to today's Drug Enforcement Administration, did not go after the two Dallas buyers, though, who in fact were never charged with anything. Instead the feds wanted to know about the other guys who'd gone to Guadalajara with Tucker. And though he swore, at the time, that Richard from the Family Store had had nothing to do with the Mexican skank, a warrant went out for him.

theory that the court would mete out easy sentences to three defendants, whereas poor Tucker, if he were charged with the whole humongous nine pounds, might wind up with a heavy hurting.

So Tucker—a "Goddamn sneaking sleazebag who would drop his own grandmother into grease to save himself from doing a day of time," as Mike Moriarity, Richard's current Houston attorney, puts it—wound up with a real cakewalk, a year's probation under the Youthful Offenders Act. During the trial, federal prosecutor Malcolm Dimmit consistently alleged that the nine pounds of Mex had been headed for the West Mountain Family Store, in blatant contradiction of Tucker's original sworn statement about the two Dallas investors. "I've argued fifty narcotics cases, and the cops have lied under oath in every one," allows Mike Moriarity. "But all that perjury put together doesn't

*"I've argued
fifty narcotics cases,
and the cops have lied
under oath in every one."*

Hearing about the warrant a couple months later, Richard compliantly went down to Laredo, hired a lawyer and surrendered himself peaceably to the feds, so's to get the matter cleared up. Felix Tucker, though, had gotten a Laredo lawyer himself by that time, who had advised him, very intelligently, to try to spread his culpability as broadly as possible: to *dime* on Richard, that is. And Richard's own attorney, who very likely knew Tucker's lawyer personally, advised Richard to plead guilty to the smuggling charges, on the

amount to half the perjury on the transcript of this case."

Since Richard's lawyer at the trial just lay back and let prosecutor Dimmit break the law like this, with no objection, U.S. district court judge Ben Connally (a fishing companion of Tucker's lawyer) wound up giving Richard five years' hard time. Having done no crime, so far as he could rightly tell, Richard did not feel ethically obliged to do time, however. So he split for Canada.

In Ottawa, over the last ten years, Richard and his wife Lydia have run a pottery

supply store and art gallery. Richard has also worked in drug counseling for the city, advising youth of the truth about marijuana: that if anyone ever wants to bust you for it, you're in for the hassle of your life. The Canadian government, aware that the U.S. marijuana laws are fundamentally just tax statutes, saw no bar to granting Richard landed-immigrant status. He became, in fact, such a solid community member, that after his 1981 recapture by U.S. feds, Ottawa mayor Marian Dewar offered to personally furnish testimony as to his outstanding character, as did the archbishop of St. George's Anglican Church, Patrick Playfair. And a neighborhood legal-defense fund-raising drive pulled in \$30,000 Canadian.

This makes no difference to the DEA or Texas federal prosecutors, of course. Richard's recapture transpired last December, when one of his employees was driving down through the Adirondacks in New York State to buy some pottery clay in Skeneateles. The truck broke down in the mountains, and the driver, who had a sick child at home, left it in a New York garage and returned to Ottawa. So Richard went down to pick up the vehicle after repairs.

He got as far as the U.S. Customs shed at the south end of the Thousand Islands Bridge across the St. Lawrence River. "This was the week," Mike Moriarity recalls, "that Qaddafi had Carlos and a pack of big mean Arab terrorists out to snuff the poor U.S. president. Remember that one? The customs computers were cooking overtime that week." So Richard's name came up out of some blip-list feeding into the Thousand Islands computer terminal, and they cuffed him, and put him on a plane to Laredo.

At this writing, Richard is in the Webb County Jail, while lawyer Moriarity moves to void his ten-year-old conviction on grounds of ineffective counsel—"incompetent counsel would be flattering"—and prosecutorial malfeasance. And Felix Tucker, the last Moriarity heard, was simply in too much legal trouble himself to make a reliable witness, even by way of simply recanting previous testimony.

AMOTIVATED NARCS SUE FOR COMPENSATION

AURORA, COLORADO

THEY'RE ZOMBIES," GUARANTEES attorney Patrick Dulaney of his two clients, veteran narcotics officers John Arko, 34, and Jack Bisgard, Jr., 30.

The news is that Arko and Bisgard, three years after leaving Aurora's "elite" undercover narco squad, under a cloud of suspicion that they may have been unwholesomely involved with dope, have been awarded \$18,500 in workman's compensation for smoking grass on the job. "Someone gets hurt in construction, and his leg gets cut off, he learns to adjust," reasons Bisgard. "It's two years now" (it's been three, actually) "and I still don't know where I'm at." Arko claims to be unable to remember things from just two months ago, unless he writes it all down. Both have filed for divorce from their wives, and are living with their parents during the suit, with no discernible sources of income.

This amotivational state is the result, both claim, of having to smoke "drugs"—marijuana pluralized—with grass dealers in order to set up busts. "The only way to test it is to actually use it," swears Arko. "And the bong is always there." Moreover, to decline a few hits "would mean death," he guarantees: "They'd blow you away on the spot."

Considering that Aurora narcs have indeed made plenty of grass busts, and not one has ever once been "blown away" by a marijuana dealer, it might seem that the job inevitably entails plenty of enthusiastic dope toking. On the other had, narc squad jefe Sgt. Jerry Farrell guarantees that all his narcs are carefully trained to "simulate drug use"—an extremely simple process with marijuana, which no one else besides Arko and Bisgard ever had any grave trouble with. Of the 23 narcs on the Aurora squad

with them, not one has come down with obvious brain damage so far, and all have testified clearly to that in court.

In fact, both Arko and Bisgard were absolutely hyper-motivational during their 1977-1979 terms on the narc squad, chalking up a truly remarkable number of penny-ante busts, and more than their share of flashy felonies. The amotivational syndrome only set in, it seems, after the "drug related" suicide of a buddy narc in 1979. At that point, Farrell says, he heard rumors that certain narcs were indulging in controlled substances on their own time, and asked the two cops to step down from the squad whilst he launched an integrity probe. Bisgard and Arko say they resigned of their own volition, such as it was, at that point in time, to the best of their recollection, such as it is. In any case, it was straight downhill for both from that point forth.

"After you do drugs for so long," concedes Bisgard, "you don't go home and not do them."

Bisgard says he'd never done grass before he joined the elite narcotics unit. "The first time I used drugs," he recalls with a flash of uncommon acuity, "I came back freaked out. I sat at my desk and everybody was laughing, asking how we [sic] liked the job."

Arko, who says he'd smoked reefer in 'Nam, maintained numerous disguises and an alternate ID cover during his 18 months as a champion drugbuster. "I sacrificed myself," he says now. "I didn't know any better. I thought that they knew what they were doing. That they wouldn't do anything harmful to us. But the sergeant didn't even know what the drugs smelled like."

"Everybody testified, except those two, that they were not ordered to use drugs," pointed out police captain Jerry Fricke, after

the workman's compensation claim was awarded. "The decision was probably the most asinine I've ever seen." The town of Aurora, accordingly, is appealing the award.

"In my opinion it's a simple case of an investigation uncovering a couple of officers breaking the law, and them trying to make the best of it," says Sergeant Farrell, who's seen a few things in his 13 years on the force.

Attorney Dulaney is certainly making the best of it, with a \$25-million civil suit against Aurora itself, on behalf of the reefer-maddened narcotics officers. When a Denver federal judge nixed the suit some time back, Dulaney promptly appealed it to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Tenth Circuit.

"They were good cops," he asserts, "doing what they were told."



Jackson Heights, where mob brought blow for New York market.

WIDE WORLD

COLOMBIAN POLITICAL SCION DIMES ON COKE SYNDICATE

N E W Y O R K C I T Y

THE SON OF A PROMINENT Colombian politician recently walked out of a major bust of 14 coke mobsters by informing on his coconspirators to U.S. authorities. The man, identified only as the son of Colombian Liberal party jefe Julio Cesar Pernia, was part of a syndicate that moved about 200 pounds of snort per month into Jackson Heights between 1979 and 1981. A good deal of the narco-dollars, according to the Drug Enforcement Administration, was funneled into Pernia's campaigns to become *el presidente* in Santa Fe de Bogota. Maybe a little too much went out that way. The younger Pernia, it seems,

was accused by his cohorts in Jackson Heights of funneling an unauthorized \$250,000 to his dad, and only his political connections preserved him from a grisly end. At that point, evidently, he turned over to the U.S. feds and commenced furnishing them with information.

In the fullness of time, Pernia fils delivered up the whole operation to the feds, including one Rafael Leon Rodriguez, who shot it out fiercely before capture by feds and local cops in Miami; Rodriguez, allegedly a pro hit man, had slain dozens of people in his career, feds say. Though two others were captured, the remaining 11 managed to abscond.

CONFIRMED!**ALCOHOL SHRINKS TESTICLES,
BLIGHTS YOUTH IN THE BUD!**

P I T T S B U R G H

THE LONG-TERM SEXUAL CONSEQUENCES OF heavy boozing turn out to be far more alarming than any of the "pot causes sterility" myths promulgated by reefer-madness docs, to go by research from the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine. David Van Thiel released the results of a study here on rats that shows that alcohol has a direct toxic effect on the cells that produce testosterone and sperm and causes an average 35 percent decrease in testosterone production. And in an alcohol study undertaken at the University of Illinois Medical Center, Robert A. Anderson found that mice given alcohol suffered delayed sexual maturity and developed smaller reproductive organs than the animals in the control group.

In recent years, Van Thiel, who headed the Pittsburgh study, has found that daily ingestion of a pint or more of hard liquor for five to eight years (a fairly typical alcoholic pattern) can produce impotence, sterility and physical effeminization in men, and premature menopause in women. His studies have shown that alcohol damages the specific brain tissues that cause the sex hormones to be released when it is imbibed above "threshold" levels—to the point of intoxication, that is.

In the brain, excess alcohol inflicts damage on both the hypothalamus and the pituitary glands; the hypothalamus-pituitary axis is critical to the production of gonadotropic sex hormones which govern sperm production and menstrual cycles. Moreover, alcohol itself specifically inhibits gonadal Leydig cell activity, which produces testosterone, the "arousal" sex hormone in both men and women; and alcohol's prime metabolite in the body, acetaldehyde, actually shrinks Leydig cells themselves. Thus, long-term heavy boozing can reduce an individual's overall testosterone production by

an average 35 percent, with drastic consequences on sexual appetite and function, Van Thiel here has shown.

While checking out this testosterone deficit in male alcoholics, Van Thiel's team also discovered increased production of estrogenlike compounds. Besides actively inhibiting sex drive and potency, estrogens also promote such "effeminizing" effects as body-water collection and the formation of enlarged breasts, hips, "lovehandles" and chins.

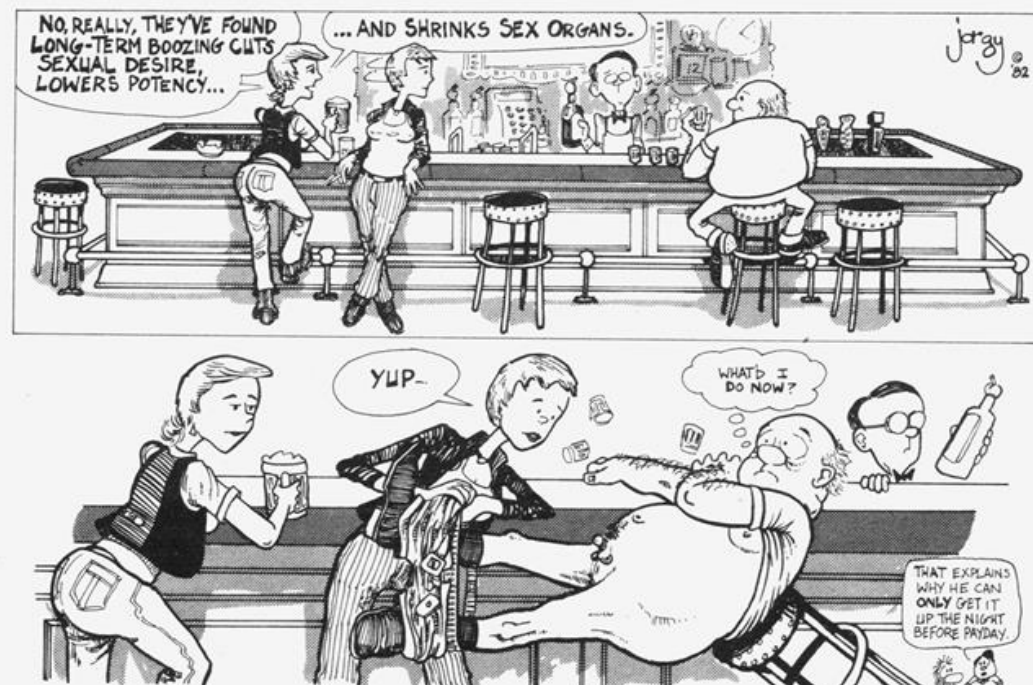
While it may take years for such abnormalities to develop in mature adults, alcohol's effects on growing adolescents may be considerably more rapid and dramatic. Last year Dr. Robert Anderson, at the University of Illi-

nois Medical Center, got male mice heavily intoxicated on alcohol regularly for over a week before the 29th day after birth, when this strain of lab mice ordinarily become sexually mature. The period corresponds to adolescence in humans. The mice did not become mature on the usual day; they had smaller gonads than controls and reduced sperm counts. The alcoholic adolescents didn't mature until nearly two weeks after the abstinent controls did. Anderson estimates the difference in human youngsters would be about three years, the difference between maturing at age 16 and maturing at age 19.

But there's some good news, at least by contrast with this horrible news. Adult alcoholics (and non-alcoholic work-release cons in many states) who take Antabuse at least no longer need fear a painful death if they succumb to a nip of booze. Antabuse—disulfiram—is a drug that reacts hideously

with alcohol; the two acting together cause migraine, vomiting, breathing difficulty, heart congestion and arrhythmia, convulsions and sometimes death. So it has been given for years to alcoholics in dry-out programs (and to work-release cons) to discourage them from drinking booze, even though these agonizing and potentially lethal drug reactions were untreatable until recently.

Now physicians at the University of Helsinki in Finland believe they've found a way to turn these drug-reaction syndromes off—at least if they become life-threatening. Disulfiram reacts most viciously with acetaldehyde, the prime metabolite of alcohol in the body. The Helsinki docs have found a way to inhibit the liver enzyme (alcohol dehydrogenase) by administering an agent called 4-methylpyrazole. People in Antabuse programs might ask the administrators if they've heard about this potential lifesaver.

JORGY

DILANTIN FOR DEPRESSION?**A REMARKABLE MEDICINE
HAS BEEN OVERBILLED**

NEW YORK CITY

READERS OF NATIONAL PUBLICATIONS like the *New York Times* and *Newsweek* have been intrigued and puzzled by prominent advertisements for a Simon and Schuster book called *A Remarkable Medicine Has Been Overlooked*, written by Dreyfus Fund founder Jack Dreyfus. For nearly a year, these ads have alerted the public that some fabulous wonder drug



Jack Dreyfus

has been effectively suppressed by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, tied up in red tape, when it might otherwise be benefiting millions. But the ads don't say exactly what drug it is.

In fact, the "remarkable medicine," phenytoin sodium, already does benefit millions, as Parke, Davis's anti-epileptic medication, Dilantin. In addition, doctors use it to treat erratic heartbeat and skull trauma. But Dreyfus, who firmly believes the drug is a sovereign cure for "depression," has spent \$15 million over the last dozen years trying to get the government to certify its use as an antidepressant.

Dreyfus's motives are singularly altruistic. In the late '50s, when he was in his early 40s, the immensely wealthy investments tycoon slipped into a series of recurrent depressions himself. His mind, he says, "never gave [him] rest and was always occupied with thoughts related to an-

ger and fear." Since there seemed to be no objective reason for this, Dreyfus concluded that his "turned-on mind" ought to cool out behind some drug known as a "stabilizer of bioelectrical activity."

Aware that Dilantin appears to quell epileptic seizures and convulsions by tamping down abnormal neuroelectric brain activity, Dreyfus somehow (it's strictly a prescription drug) got hold of some and tried it. It cleared up his mental troubles right away, or so it seemed to Dreyfus himself; he dropped out of the fund's chairmanship, and has dedicated his energies over the last 20 years to this curious Dilantin project.

The project is curious, because doctors could prescribe Dilantin for depression, if they thought it was any good for that purpose. In fact, Parke, Davis, which is not noted for passing up a chance to make a buck, could advertise and promote Dilantin as an antidepressant if they cared to, but the company shows no interest in doing so. Dreyfus charges that Parke, Davis is disinterested in finding new uses for Dilantin because their patent in phenytoin has run out; Parke, Davis responds that they never had a patent on phenytoin to begin with.

"Jack Dreyfus feels that Dilantin has helped him," Parke, Davis's scientific research chief, James Weir, has told *Science* magazine. "I'm happy for Jack, but he takes a simplistic view of depression." A Columbia psychiatrist, Donald Klein, who has researched Dilantin on Dreyfus's personal tab, adds: "It's possible that Dilantin works, but only in a small group of people."

If Dilantin has indeed worked for Dreyfus himself, this \$15-million, 20-year obsession with it has its quirky aspects. Besides spending \$2 million so far to promote his book—more money, Simon and Schuster spokeswoman

Julia Knickerbocker concedes, than any author may ever have spent on a less than best-selling book—Dreyfus has personally funded at least six topnotch research studies on Dilantin, at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, Johns Hopkins and elsewhere.

The most promising of these studies, on 11 aggressively hostile prisoners in a Massachusetts jail in 1967, showed "improvement" in 10 of them on Dilantin. In high doses, phenytoin does have short-term sedative effects rather like phenobarbital, and it's nonaddictive; however, it also has so many unwholesome side-effects at such doses, and reacts so violently with other drugs (and has such a pronounced fetus-deforming effect) that phenobarbital is far and away superior as a sedative.

While the 1967 jail study gets considerable attention in Dreyfus's book, other studies, mainly showing Dilantin to be useless for any psychotropic purpose, are either omitted or glossed over. Dreyfus does not anticipate a second volume: "If I go any further, I'll look like a nut," he told *Science* correspondent Marjorie Sun. "I probably

look like that to some already."

One fascinating thing of which Dreyfus seems unaware is phenytoin's striking resemblance to cannabidiol (CBD), a component of marijuana. Dr. Raphael Mechoulam of Hebrew University in Jerusalem first noted the "conformational resemblance" of CBD and phenytoin molecules, and subsequently confirmed, in tests on epileptic patients, that pure CBD is as effective as Dilantin at forestalling seizures and convulsions.

In marijuana, CBD appears to abolish all the effects of THC, which actually promotes seizures in susceptible people. Thus CBD only exists in minuscule, nanomolecular quantities in strains of grass specially bred for smoking. In "rope" strains of industrial hemp, though, the proportion of CBD far outweighs that of THC. This could account for how hemp grown in northern latitudes, which is typically high-CBD grass, has been traditionally used not as an intoxicant, but as a sedative and antispasmodic—much like Dilantin, in fact.

If CBD in hemp, like digitalis in foxglove, is a naturally occurring form of a remarkable commercial medicine, this may suggest to Jack Dreyfus a research area into which he could pump a few million more dollars. Such a project might well provide the basis for another Simon and Schuster book like *A Remarkable Medicine*, et cetera.



Protesting U.S. policies in El Salvador, group demonstrates how Reagan plans to take a bite out of terrorism.

UPI

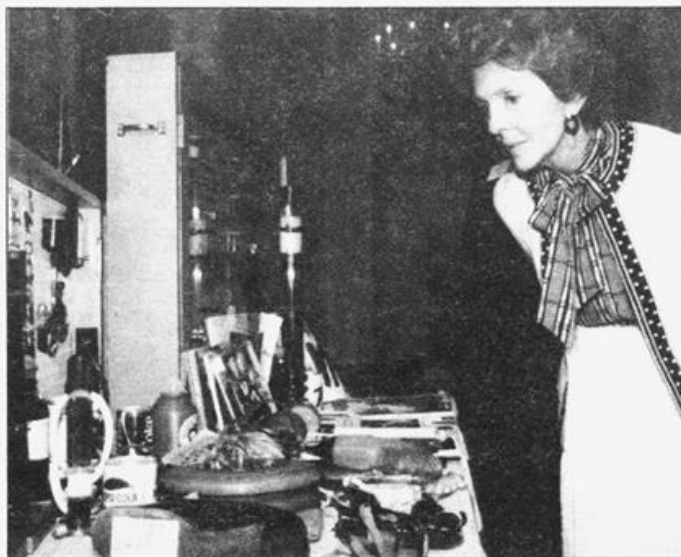
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NANCY REAGAN GARNERED publicity for her new activist image by staging an antidrug conference at the White House this spring. The speakers at the event were the leaders of the parent groups that have successfully lobbied for headshop statutes and wiretap legislation. The guests were representatives of some 90 Fortune 500 companies. A spokesman for NORML termed the briefing "a fund raiser for the parents movement."

The first lady has apparently been concerned that media attention paid to her penchant for Adolfo fashions and expensive dinner platters has saddled her with an image perceived as frivolous, or worse. But her activities in support of the parents movement, and speeches against drug abuse, have deflected such criticism.

In a Florida foray to visit with movement leaders there in February, Mrs. Reagan took credit for increasing the number of parent groups nationwide from 1,000 to 3,000. During the same tour, she endorsed Texans' War on Drugs, a lobbying outfit backed by Dallas millionaire H. Ross Perot. Last year, Texans' War on Drugs pushed a package of bills through the Lone Star legislature that set stringent penalties for dope and loose standards for wiretapping. It was during her Texas visit that the First Lady made her famed "a lady is like a teabag" speech. (Why is a lady like a teabag? After a moment's pause, Mrs. Reagan continued, "Because you don't know how strong she is until she's in hot water. And when her children are on drugs, she's in hot water.")

The following month, Mrs. Reagan invited the most prominent leaders of the parents movement to speak at her White House Briefing on Drugs and the Family. Perot, the Dallas businessman, was there. Also at the podium were Sue Rusche, president of DeKalb County Families in Action, who in 1980 called for a federal investigation of NORML, HIGH TIMES and the entire paraphernalia industry before a House select committee; Ian MacDonald, a University of South Florida professor of pediatrics who, at a conference of the Ameri-



Nancy's new antidope profile.

UPI

NANCY STARS AT ANTI-POT KLATCH

can Council on Marijuana in 1980, called for routine urinalysis screening of adolescents to detect marijuana use; Keith Schuchard, of the National Parents Resources Institute for Drug Education (PRIDE), which runs workshops on organizing parents groups; and Carlton Turner, the White House drug adviser.

The list of corporations that were represented at the briefing was not circulated to the press. Several corporate executives complained of pressure from community groups when their participation was publicized. Slightly more than half of the corporations invited to attend sent representatives.

The briefing was covered by the *Washington Post* and the wire services, and the story was picked up by newspapers across the country.

Mrs. Reagan opened the conference with brief introductory remarks. But thereafter she was guided by Tom Pauken, director of the federal agency ACTION. ACTION cosponsored and cofunded the briefing.

Kevin Zeese, the legal counsel for NORML, said the event created the aura that something was being done about drug abuse at a time

when federal funding for treatment programs was being curtailed. "The parents movement could be a very positive force if it were handled right," Zeese said, "instead of being a front lobby for law enforcement agencies." He described the White House briefing as an attempt to involve business leaders in the antimarijuana movement.

Asked if funds had been solicited for the parents movement at the briefing, Mrs. Reagan's press secretary referred the question to ACTION. A spokesman for that agency said the briefing was held to establish contact between the business community and the parents movement. Sue Rusche described the event as an attempt to "raise the consciousness" of business leaders and denied solicitation of funds had taken place.

Until last year, ACTION did not sponsor programs specifically directed at drugs, according to an agency spokesman. Sometimes referred to as the domestic Peace Corps, the agency was formed to coordinate various social programs, including VISTA. Since Tom Pauken became the director last year, ACTION has initiated "drug-

abuse-prevention programs directed at the young." The agency has allocated the sum of \$902,000 for parent groups. The American Council on Marijuana has received a grant for \$24,000, and PRIDE has applied for \$175,000 in funding.

The director of ACTION is a three-time loser from Dallas. An ultraconservative, he was backed by business interests, and provided with ample financial support, in three political contests: for the Texas state senate in 1976, and for a congressional seat in 1978 and again in 1980. He narrowly lost all three elections. Ronald Reagan campaigned for Pauken in 1980, and appointed him to the ACTION post after his defeat. Pauken is said to have alienated certain elements in the Washington press by sending out a newsletter called the *Good News Report*. The newsletter, which the agency pays for, represents Pauken's own views on issues such as drug use. The agency director sends out the newsletter to counteract all the "bad news" in the media.

Pauken holds a law degree, but has had minimal experience practicing law. He worked in the White House during the Nixon administration. He was not steadily employed when he accepted the post at ACTION.

The briefing and its attendant publicity were coordinated by another ACTION employee, Angie Hammock, director of the new drug-abuse-prevention program. Hammock, who hails from Dublin, Georgia, served for four years as a congressional aide to Billy Lee Evans (Dem.-Ga.). Evans chaired the very House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control before which Sue Rusche testified in 1980. Hammock, age 26, worked as a volunteer for the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth. According to her official biography, she has no further experience or training in the field of drug abuse. Hammock works in ACTION's department of Policy and Planning.

There is a pattern to the repetition of certain words in this narrative: Dallas, parents groups, business interests. Nancy Reagan's briefing certainly made it clear who makes White House policy on drugs.

COURTS PUT NEW BITE IN AIRPORT DOPE DOGS

ALBANY, NEW YORK

A DOG'S SUPERIOR SENSES have long been used to aid mankind in a variety of contexts," lyricized New York State appeals court justice Matthew Jason, in a decision approving the use of dope-sniffing dogs as determinants of probable cause to search luggage for drugs in airports, with no supporting evidence needed. Ironically, this New York dope-dog decision came down at nearly the very same time as a federal fifth-circuit court decision that likewise approved dope dogs as the ultimate determinants of narcotics, providing only that they are backed up with supporting evidence.

The role of airport drug-sniffing dogs in the criminal-justice process has always been murky, and these two cases pretty amply illustrate why. Both busts resulted in convictions that were appealed on Fourth Amendment grounds, the defendants asserting their right to be safe of unreasonable search and seizure. Both appeals were quashed, on evidently contradictory grounds.

The New York case commenced at a Los Angeles airport, where two men were spied by an LAPD narc fidgeting nervously in the passenger line, sweating and buying tickets with wads of cold cash. Considering that they thus fit three cardinal criteria of the DEA's catchall "drug courier profile," the cop ran a dope dog named Frog past their luggage after they consigned it to the baggage handlers. Frog, the LAPD proudly relates, "alerted" on the luggage, the 705th time he'd alerted on 705 luggage caches containing dope. The LAPD calls this a 100 percent record, which may be true. On the other hand, since dope-dog sniffs out always occur when the airline is in technical possession of the luggage—out of sight of everyone but the dogs and their fellow officers, that is—the LAPD could just as easily be lying.

In any event, when these two sweaty guys finally touched down in Buffalo,

New York (a "drug transit" location, by the DEA's profile lexicon), a search warrant was waiting for them there, courtesy of a call from the LAPD to the New York state cops. Since Officer Frog of the LAPD is trained to alert on coke, grass and heroin, everyone was on tenterhooks. It turned out to be "a large cache of heroin," and the two mules went away to jail.

In effect, the judge's decision allows that the canine sniff test in and of itself does not constitute a search as the term "search" is construed under the Fourth Amendment. The sniff test, therefore, can be conducted without a search warrant, and cops need not articulate any specific reason for running a dope dog past anyone's luggage in an airport.

One of the mules, however, got a lawyer to challenge the search warrant, on the grounds that Frog had violated his "reasonable expectation of privacy" in his closed, locked luggage. Judge Jason nixed this one deftly. "Once one releases something into the open air, there can be little reasonable expectation of asserting one's claim of privacy in either the item itself or in the surrounding air." Good dope movers appear to take that for granted, Jason noted, the way they pack their dope in talcum powder or mothballs to fool dope dogs.

The fifth-circuit decision concerned a case in which a La Guardia Airport dope dog furnished cops with the prime grounds for a search warrant. Like Frog, the dog here had been trained to alert all over coke, grass and smack, and in fact he went bananas over one of the defendant's suitcases, which contained coke. But he also went bananas over the defendant's other suitcase, containing Quaaludes. New York City lawyer Cheryl Raisch appealed the subsequent conviction with the argument that dope dogs are simply oversensitive, given to "alerting" over the slightest trace of dope odor. The dog might very well have smelled only a residual odor of some kind of dope in the de-



UPI

fendant's Quaalude suitcase, she pointed out; and therefore the cops had no "reasonable cause" to send for a search warrant on the grounds of the dog's nose in the first place. In this case, the justices of the fifth noted that the movers involved had filled a few "drug courier profile" criteria before the dope dog was unleashed on their gear, and therefore everything was kosher.

One constitutional objection no one's raised against dope dogs so far, oddly, has been equal protection under the law. Most dope dogs, like Officer Frog of the LAPD, are trained only to alert on "glam-

our" drugs like coke, smack and grass. This means that any number of other drugs which might be toted through airports by twitchy, perspiring, cash-paying people—Quaaludes, say, or barbiturates, or LSD, or speed, mescaline or whatever—will supposedly slip right through, under the police's shiny black noses. Unless a dope dog could be trained to sniff out every illegal drug under the sun, then its use would certainly discriminate in favor of some dope dealers, and against others. Somebody facing 20 years anyway for muling could do worse than pull this one out of the hat.

HEAD-GEAR CONTROVERSY

continued from page 19

Families in Action, which served as the model for such single-issue groups and which embraced the DEA Model Act in 1979. After the Hoffman Estates decision, she was asked if Families in Action would support a modified headshop bill, such as the Illinois village ordinance, rather than pressing for the Model Act. But Rusche pointed to all three Court decisions as an indication that the Model Act would be upheld. She asserted that Families in Action would continue to lobby for the DEA bill.

Points at Issue

The Illinois decision regards an ordinance in a Chicago suburb called Hoffman Estates. The ordinance calls for

the licensing of shops that "displayed items designed or marketed for use with illegal cannabis or drugs," and prohibits sale of such items to minors; it further mandates that shops keep detailed records of sales of such items, including purchasers' names and addresses, for inspection by the police.

Before the law went into effect, owners of a local shop hired Chicago attorney Michael Pritzker to sue for an injunction to void it on the grounds that the law was so vague and overbroad in its wording that no one, cops or shopowners, could know what such items might be. The ACLU joined in the challenge. "These laws as drafted were so vague," explains ACLU attorney Steve Sha-

continued on page 26

HEAD-GEAR CONTROVERSY

continued from previous page piro, "that they left people not knowing what they could or could not do legally."

The seventh-circuit court of appeals agreed the law was impermissibly vague, thus finding for the shopowners. The village appealed the decision.

The Supreme Court held the ordinance was not vague as it applied to the particular case in question. And since it was, therefore, vague in some but not all of its applications, the justices reasoned, the circuit court had erred in voiding the ordinance. In writing the Court's decision, Associate Justice Thurgood Marshall declared that the shopowners must actually have known perfectly well that if the law went into force, they would be breaking it. "By displaying a certain magazine and certain book physically close to pipes and colored rolling paper," he wrote, the shop "was in clear violation of the guidelines, as it was in selling 'roach clips.'"

Justice Marshall was referring to the guidelines issued by the village, pursuant to the law, to define "items designed or marketed for use with illegal cannabis or drugs." The guidelines are fairly comprehensive; pipes displayed in proximity to literature "encouraging illegal use of cannabis" are specifically defined as covered by the ordinance. The manner of display is regarded as the test of whether or not the items are marketed for use with drugs.

Pritzker had argued that the vagueness of the ordinance "creates a danger of arbitrary and discriminatory enforcement against those with alternative lifestyles." Justice Marshall noted that since Pritzker's preenforcement challenge had kept the law from going into effect so far, "no evidence has been, or could be, introduced to indicate whether the ordinance has been enforced in a discriminatory manner."

As to the manifest vagueness of the ordinance itself—attorney Pritzker's main point—Marshall sort of skidded past that one: "The Court has long recognized that ambiguous meanings cause citizens to 'steer far wider of the unlawful zone,'" he wrote in a

footnote, "than if the boundaries of the forbidden areas were clearly marked." The justice further remarked that the Court applies a less strict vagueness standard to civil law regulating business than to criminal law.

Finally, Pritzker's subsidiary and rather minor First Amendment quarrel—that the ordinance infringed on protected speech—was made very short work of. "The ordinance is expressly directed at

Court's action, the case from the sixth circuit will be appealed.

One attorney involved in challenging headshop laws predicted the Hoffman Estates decision would be applied across the board to all "paraphernalia" laws in the federal courts. He expressed concern that the decision would be applied to cases involving criminal law and individual possession. The lawyer called the Hoffman Es-

they can be enforced in a legal manner."

In Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, a shopowner right now is looking at nine years in jail and a \$30,000 fine, having been busted under a DEA Model Act-type state law prohibiting "smoking accessories and novelties" in general.

In Georgia, a shop that sold some alleged headgear was recently swept clean by narcs, even down to a few gross of perfectly featureless glass ashtrays.

In North Carolina, confiscations in a headshop bust included a volume entitled *Legal First Aid for Today's High Society*.

When Nancy Reagan and White House drug adviser Dr. Carlton Turner barnstormed the Deep South last winter on a headline-making tour of antidrug groups there, Texas narcs cleaned out a few Dallas shops for the occasion. They swept up belt buckles and necklaces with marijuana-leaf designs on them, T-shirts with no dope designs but merely four-letter words on them, Arabian incense sticks, sundry books and magazines and clearly labeled bottles of vitamin B₁₂ tablets. The shopowners face fines and jail time.

Robert Vaughn is chairman of the American Businessmen's Association for Constitutional Rights, an organization based in Nashville, Tennessee, that opposes headshop regulation. After the Hoffman Estates decision Vaughn said, "1984 came yesterday. We're past the fantasy now." He acerbically noted that police in many jurisdictions are now obliged to bust copies of *Alice in Wonderland* with the original Tenniel engravings: "That caterpillar is puffing smoke from a flexible stem attached to a water-cooled Arabian hookah," Vaughn observed. "And he's sitting on a mushroom!"

The ACLU's Steve Shapiro predicts the new laws will be impossible to enforce fairly and legally. "There'll be a blender in a headshop and a blender in Sears, Roebuck," Shapiro said, "and they're sure to prosecute the headshop, but they won't prosecute Sears, Roebuck."

"The court's not going to be concerned until it sees these laws are selectively enforced."

commercial activity promoting or encouraging drug use," claimed Marshall. "If that activity is deemed 'speech,' then it is speech proposing an illegal transaction, which a government may regulate or ban entirely."

Steve Shapiro, the ACLU attorney, analyzed Marshall's opinion this way: "They're calling it all pure economic legislation. That's as close as they'll ever come to saying they don't want to get involved in the issue."

The high court declined to hear arguments in two separate cases regarding headshop legislation. One case involved a preenforcement challenge of a Westchester headshop law. The Court refused to review a second-circuit decision that held the plaintiff did not have standing to contest the law.

In the second case, the justices declined to hear an appeal of an eighth-circuit court decision upholding a Nebraska state law almost identical to the DEA Model Act. The petition asked the Court to resolve a conflict between the sixth-circuit court and the eighth-circuit court. The sixth-circuit court had voided an Ohio state headshop law. As a result of the Supreme

tates decision "terrible—bad law" because, he said, it leaves the average man in the street not knowing if he's in violation. The attorney predicted the most offensive "paraphernalia" items, which he termed single-use items, would be taken off the shelves. "The Court's not going to be concerned until it sees these laws are selectively enforced."

Another attorney believed the Court was not interested in hearing preenforcement challenges. He pointed out that postenforcement challenges would have to be raised in state rather than federal courts.

New Laws, New Criminals

"Face it," ACLU attorney Shapiro told HIGH TIMES, "this decision came down eight to zero. It was written by one of the two justices on the bench who could still be called liberal. There's not much of a chance of challenging these laws on constitutional grounds in any court." He concluded, "The Supreme Court has basically said that it's fine for communities to pass new laws like this. Now what remains to be seen is if

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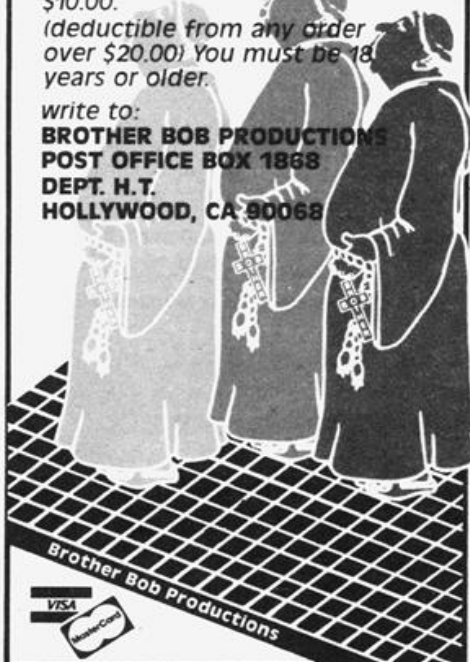
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THE FAST-MOVING, ECONOMY-PRICED, MID-RANGE SINSES

by Bud Bogart

The marijuana marketplace has found itself flooded this spring with a new breed of weed: cut-rate sinsemillas. Priced at \$750 to \$1,500 a pound, the mid-range marijuanas fill a void between the dominant \$400-a-pound commercial market and the \$2,000-a-pound exotic market. It was long forecast that the \$100 ounce would someday be a staple in the pot market, and now the time has come.

the way it's supposed to for a genuine sinsemilla.

Worse, it's overpriced at around \$1,500 an elbow. Apparently, its purveyors hoped to cash in on novelty value; the plan backfired, and now the pot is gathering mold while the sellers figure out what to do next.

Bullshit artists at work... In what can only be described as an attempt to feign innocence, the *New York Times* recently referred in an article to the price of coke as "\$25 a spoon, which weighs about a gram." Funny, we'd heard cokeheads are numerous as pencils in the *Times* newsroom.

Snow peaks... Is the fashion for coke going the way of the tie-dyed T-shirt? Sources indicate there are fewer hundred-dollar bills chasing the lines of supply. Following a round of sharp increases early this year, prices seem to have stabilized during the last several months. And quality may actually be up, according to those who use their journalistic credentials to travel the country in search of free samples.

All indicators show that the market's reached an equilibrium level between supply and demand. On the East Coast, some are even saying there's a glut. There's certainly ample blow for those who want it. So-called weight dealers now find themselves in competition for customers, and prices are holding at \$2,000 to \$2,600.

Some observers on the scene are crediting good supply-side conditions for the market shift. This year's coke season, which lasts roughly from December through early summer, has been one of the best in years, thanks to the same favorable weather that produced record pot harvests. The recent price increases also encouraged production: The word is definitely out in producing countries that the locals can make a fortune off Yankee dollars. There are swarms of South Americans and Caribbeans eager to get in on the transport end of the business. Suppliers point out that sales of commercial cuts are the one burgeoning area in the paraphernalia industry.

Balderdash, says one analyst who disagrees with the supply-side theory. Demand is down, he insists, on account of the depression. But he cites one cheerful trend: The average percentage of coke in the gram buy has jumped from somewhere in the low 20s to the high 30s.

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

Many of the pots that are falling into this price range today would have found themselves pulling down blue-ribbon prices a few years back. But advances in poticulture resulted in ever stronger strains—indicas grown in lava beds imported from Hawaii and further pampered in atmosphere- and climate-controlled greenhouses; California hybrids from Nepalese and Indian seeds; nine month, slow-growing sativas—and plain old standard-grade sinsemillas soon found themselves nudged down the ladder.

There are a number of domestic varieties in this mid range but many more south-of-the-border sines and superpots. Panama red, Guatemalan sinse and even Acapulco, selling at \$800, \$1,500 and \$850 a pound, respectively, are just a few coming up from the isthmus. Some Kentucky, West Virginia and Carolinas sines also fall into this price category.

Ounces on these pots run \$90 to \$120 generally, and seem to delight consumers used to paying \$160 and up for exotic varieties. And since many consumers haven't had the chance to try or buy the new superpots coming from California and Hawaii, the pots costing \$2,000 a pound and up, they're able to buy the same pot that used to cost them \$200 an ounce for half the price. Everybody wins. About time... Finally, after watching every other pot-exporting country in ODEC beat them to the market, Colombia has come out with its own version of sinsemilla. While the pot has a nice scent, it has the texture of peat moss and a high with the limited ceiling that echoes suspiciously of high-quality pot snatched before it had a chance to develop seeds. This does, of course, give you seedless pot, but not in



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TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

BELGIUM

'Mersh 'lombo	rare but good	gm	5
Congo Pot	low grade	gm	1000
Belgium bonzo	hardly smokeable	kg	1
Leb hash	snore	kg	900
		oz	50
Moroccan hash	decent	gm	5
Black Nepalese	watch for canards	kg	3500
Black Afghani	King Kong hash	kg	6
		kg	4000
Opium	fresh and dreamy	gm	6
LSD	not too hot	kg	4000
Cocaine	stomped heavily	gm	12
		kg	8000-9000
		gm	30
		one	5
		gm	120

ENGLAND

Leb hash	blondes and reds,	oz	100
	typical	lb	1000
Moroccan hash	green slabs,	oz	110
	some too dry	lb	1200
Paki hash	soft, spongy,	oz	150
	potent	lb	1800
Cocaine	"Charles" to the	gm	110
	witty English	oz	2200

FRANCE

Commercial	fashion designers	oz	140
Colombian	only		
African pot	lots of shake,	oz	80-100
	mediocre		
Leb hash	international	gm	5
	favorite		
Afghan hash	black, strong	gm	6
Nepal hash	the best	gm	7.50-12
Cocaine	heavily danced on	gm	150
LSD	art blots	one	7
Hash oil	popular at parties	gm	11
Opium	Turkish, tasty	gm	14

MOROCCO

Cannabis pollen,	soft, chewy balls	gm	1
double O		lb	100
powder			
Cannabis pollen,	like black	gm	.50
first class	chewing gum	lb	50-75
powder			
Loose buds (kif)	8 inch buds,	20	1
	like Thai sticks	kilo	10
Cocaine	from Amsterdam	gm	100
LSD	from West	one	4
	Germany, red		
	stars, clear blots		
Amphetamines	'script Apetin	50	2.50

THE NETHERLANDS

Commercial	nothing to write	gm	4
Colombian	home about	kilo	2000
African buds	too seedy	gm	4
		kilo	2000
Blond Leb hash	bottom of the line	gm	7
		kilo	4000
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	gm	8
		kilo	4500
Red Leb hash	fumy, colorful	gm	10
		kilo	6000
Afghan hash	black, sticky,	gm	15
	heavenly	kilo	8000
Cocaine	rarely pure	gm	150-200
		100 gm	10000
LSD	blotter	one	4-6

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but	oz	160
	stingy & stoney	lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually	oz	50-65
	green-brown	lb	560

PORTUGAL

Mozambique pot	colas and banana	gm	2
	buds	kilo	1250
Moroccan hash	'double o' hash	gm	3
		kilo	1500

Bolivian & Brazilian coke	direct import,	gm	75-100
Methaqualone	potent buy from pharmacy	one	.50

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
		gm	15-20
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz	225-250
		gm	10-15
Afghani hash	greenish black, fumy	oz	175-200
		gm	10-15
Lebanese red hash	a choker	oz	175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	100	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
University of Pennsylvania	blotter "snowflake"	one	4
Newport Beach, Cal.	acid		
Santa Ana, Cal.	"cush" sinsemilla	lb	1850
Dayton, Ohio	da kine		
	bathub zip	gm	55
Fort Worth	commie 'mersh,	1/4 lb	110
	dry, warehoused		
Pasadena, Cal.	rock hard blond	gm	10
	leb hash		
Sandwich, Ill.	"guerrilla grown"	oz	200
	sinse		
Chattanooga	powdered "mes-	gm	60
	caline," strong		
Livingston, Montana	body high		
	hydroponic sinse,	oz	120
	local, kickass		
Denver	Top-notch toot	gm	150
	from Beverly Hills		
	Mexican primo,	lb	800
	"donkey dong"		
	buds		

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	still in there	oz	110-275
Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Top-grade Mexican	that's right,	lb	100-435
Mexican sinsemilla	Acapulco gold	oz	65-80
Jamaican	better and better	lb	750-800
		oz	100-135
	too much, prices	lb	900-1250
	low	oz	35-45
Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack	lb	375-450
Commercial Colombian	when around	oz	70-100
Connoisseur Colombian	plenty	lb	700-1000
Thai sticks	on the rebound	oz	30-40
		lb	265-350
Loose Thai	doggy	oz	45-55
		one	475-600
Hawaiian	back in earnest	oz	10-25
		lb	160-190
Moroccan hash	fits and starts	oz	160-220
		lb	1450-1950
Korean Pot	greenish black	oz	160-250
		lb	2700-3200
Lebanese hash	that's what they say	oz	125-175
	some past	lb	1600-2000
Black Afghani hash	its prime	oz	175
Nepalese fingers	with gold seal	lb	2200
		oz	100-130
Paki hash	dreamy and aromatic	lb	900-1450
	bits and pieces	oz	150-200
		lb	1700-2300
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, encapsulated	oz	175-225
	wet, harder to eat	lb	1600-1900
	tough to come by right now	oz	100-150
		lb	1650
		oz	1750-25
Peyote		oz	35-60
		lb	300-500

LSD	caviar balls,	one	2-4
	target blotter	100	150-300
Cocaine	prices creeping up	gm	85-140
		1/4 oz	325-360
		oz	2100-2700
Methaqualone	home-brewed	one	4-6
		100	300-500
Crosses and black beauts	erratic	100	25-200
Amphetamines	crystally, potent	gm	125

Alaska

Commercial	dry & harsh	oz	50-65
Colombian		lb	550-650
Domestic sinsemilla	alarmingly potent	1/4 oz	50
Mexican weed	most available	oz	200
		lb	50-65
		lb	500-600
Mainland sinsemilla	hurting for certain	oz	225-300
Thai sticks	lots of lumber	lb	2000-2750
		one	20
Lebanese hash	often too dry	gm	10
		oz	130-200
Cocaine	roll of the dice	gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
LSD	G.I. fave	one	5
		100	350-500
Methaqualone	boots	one	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	price stabilizing	oz	150-250
	banana-size buds	lb	2000-2600
Kona gold		oz	150-250
		lb	2000-2400
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2600
Maui wowie	grower stash	oz	175-275
	grade; other grades less	lb	2250-3000
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap		free
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2

VENEZUELA

Colombian 'mersh marijuana	inconsistent	oz	15
Colombian shake	by the bagful, 80% seeds	100 lbs	5000
Colombian gold	bleached green and gold	oz	30
		lb	150
Colombian Punta Roja	good goes to U.S.;	oz	25
Venezuelan rainbow pot	rest is here	lb	350
Colombian coke	kickass fume	oz	20
		lb	200
	inferior grades	gm	40
	mostly pink or white		
Bolivian coke	flakes, uncut	gm	55
Peruvian fish scales	showcase blow, uncut		
Coca paste	"bazooka" to the locals, best buy	gm	60-70
Lemmon 714's	Imported from Colombia	100	25
LSD	European, tiles, blots	one	10-15
Colombian hash	no shit, terrible	gm	20
Haitian hash	black, probably Moroccan via Jamaica	gm	25
Magic mushrooms	Andean meannies, everywhere		free

WEST GERMANY

Moroccan hash	fresh	gm	7
		lb	2000
Leb hash	reds, golds	oz	4
		gm	60
Afghani hash	manhole cover-size slabs	lb	7
Primo Afghani	black and beautiful	gm	10
		lb	3000
Homegrown pot	getting the hang of it	gm	5
		lb	1200
LSD	very little available	one	10
Cocaine		gm	75

PERSIAN HEROIN

aka: *Persian brown, Persian, lemon dope, rufus, dava, Southwest Asian heroin*

CHARGES: Precipitated current epidemic of heroin abuse among middle-class whites. Because it is self-administered in the same manner as cocaine, through snorting and smoking, users overlook addiction liability. Produces physical dependence, with torturous withdrawal pains.

NATURE AND USE: Heroin is a semisynthetic narcotic derived from morphine, the main alkaloid found in opium. It produces euphoria and has analgesic (painkilling) effects. It reduces hunger and aggressive drives and, with long-term use, sexual drive. Users experience the euphoria as a profound sense of control and well-being, as the satiation of need and relief from tension and frustration. Subjective time slows down.

Persian heroin is thought to come from Iran and other parts of the Near East where internal instability has created excellent conditions for the cultivation and transportation of narcotics. The distinctive characteristic of this type of heroin is its high level of purity and high quality. Unlike street smack, it can be rendered into a form suitable for snorting or smoking.

We began to see addiction to "rufus" in 1977. In 1978, clients of Iranian descent began to appear at our detoxification project for therapy. Their name for the drug was *dava*, a Persian word for medicine—which is what they consider heroin to be within their own cultural context. Since 1980, use by white, middle-class abusers in the USA has been on the increase and spreading from major urban centers on both coasts to other parts of the country.

Addicts claim that the drug is too insoluble to "cook up" properly. Nevertheless, there has been a steady increase in the intravenous use of Persian. An acid solution such as lemon juice is used to dissolve the heroin for injection; this form is often referred to as "lemon dope."

The most common means of abuse is by smoking or snorting. Smoking is either by direct combustion, alone or mixed with marijuana or tobacco, or by heating the powder and inhaling the resultant vapor through a straw. This latter process is known as "chasing the dragon." Snorting, or insufflation and absorption through the nasal mucous membranes, is the same method as employed with cocaine. Persian is also ingested orally, sublingually and anally.

ECONOMICS: According to quantitative analysis, Persian heroin contains a high concentration of heroin (in some cases over 90 percent) plus several other opiate alkaloids. In its typical illicit drug market form, Persian heroin is a dark, reddish brown, granular powder. While most street heroin is sold in "bags" (rubber balloons filled with 200 to 400 mg of powder) or as "spoons" (four bags or 1.0 to 1.5 g), Persian is usually sold in aluminum foil or wax paper folded to form a small envelope. A single hit (25 mg) can be bought individually. The basic unit is the "tenth" (one-tenth of a gram or 100 mg), which sells

for about \$75. This compares to the greater bulk of the usual 2 to 4 percent street heroin dosage (approximately 100 to 200 mg), which generally runs about \$25 to \$30.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES: With the purity of Persian heroin ranging from as high as 92 percent, as compared to street heroin at 2 to 4 percent, there is a great danger of heroin overdose and death. The presence of high-quality heroin for sale has also prompted some dealers of street heroin to step less heavily on their product. This effort to enhance salability of street heroin increases the overdose hazard of these preparations while additives, such as instant coffee, used to make "white" look like Persian increase the difficulty of treatment for overdose and addiction.

Persian heroin, like any form of heroin, can produce physical dependence, i.e., addiction, when used on a regular basis. In general, daily use for 30 days is required for physical dependence to develop, but psychological dependence and narcotics hunger can develop with less frequent use.

The very fact that it is smoked or snorted, rather than injected, leads many Persian heroin abusers to the belief that they are not vulnerable to addiction. Clients are often surprised to discover that they are hooked without ever having stuck a needle in their arms. Physical addiction is, however, a product of the drug itself, not of the route of administration. Some Persian heroin smokers get started using Persian as a downer from the side effects of freebasing and then develop dependence.

FIRST AID PLUS: The symptoms of heroin overdose are the combination of pinpointed pupils and declining level of consciousness; the level will decline all the way down to a comatose state. However, in the comatose state, the pupils may be dilated. An overdose can be reversed by the administration of naloxone (Narcan), a narcotic antagonist that blocks opiate receptor sites until the heroin is metabolized and excreted. The patient should be kept under observation throughout this process so the antagonist can be readministered if necessary.

Withdrawal from heroin can be likened to a bad case of the flu. There are no life-threatening qualities to heroin withdrawal, and addicts may safely detox on their own. They may be more successful, however, and they will almost certainly be more comfortable, if they place themselves in professional care. Withdrawal can be treated symptomatically, with nonnarcotic painkillers and medication for anxiety and diarrhea. There are a wide variety of methods of treating withdrawal, from cold turkey to acupuncture. Withdrawal symptoms of Persian heroin addicts treated at the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic are similar to those of other heroin addicts, but they are more severe and less responsive to treatment. The symptoms generally persist longer than those of addicts using ordinary street heroin. After successful detoxification, however, there is no higher rate of return to abuse than among other heroin clients. □

ABUSE FOLIO

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.

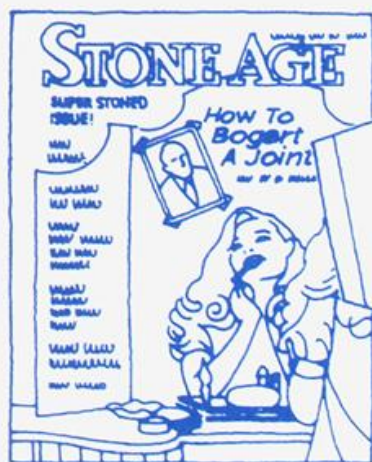
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interview: "R." the

BY ANDY KOWL AND LARRY SLOMAN



Caroline Marshall

dope connoisseur

HE'S A FOLK HERO TO MANY, A TYRANNICAL SNOB TO SOME. HE'S "R," THE LEGENDARY, CONTROVERSIAL CANNABIS

Connoisseur, whose column in *HIGH TIMES* has earned him the reputation as "El Exigente" of marijuana—"The Demanding One," the last word in the delicate art of judging marijuana quality.

To the 40 million recreational marijuana smokers in America he's a precious national resource, a combination Ralph Nader consumer champion and Craig Claiborne quality analyst.

He's single-handedly created a whole new vocabulary for articulating the subtleties of the marijuana high, he's elevated the level of taste and discernment for a whole nation of smokers, pioneered a new phenomenology of perception, bringing the insights of philosophy, psychology and physiology to bear upon the analysis of cannabis consciousness.

Controversial? You bet. His standards are uncompromisingly high (what else?), and so when he poked holes in the overblown cult of sinsemilla worship, angry domestic growers howled for his head. When he criticized the drastic decline in Colombian cannabis quality, big-time smugglers yelped in anger. When he singled out some hitherto obscure West Virginia-grown Panamanian strain for his celebrated "Dope of the Year Award," he put that state on the map and sent eager growers all over the country back to their seedbeds to try to top that pot and cop a "Herbie"—the Oscar of the marijuana world—for themselves.

When "R." speaks, smokers all over the world listen. Rhapsodic, arrogant, witty, self-mocking (yes, he's humble too, witness his classic Mark Twain-like description of the Great Smokeout between "R." and the dope-smoking chimp in Hawaii), "R."s prose captures the spirit of the marijuana high the way no other writer has been able to.

Think of it: America has hundreds of movie critics, scores of music critics, untold numbers of literary critics, even a plenitude of TV critics, for God's sake. And yet when it comes to marijuana, a medium which shapes both the creation and the reception of all those arts these days, there is but one voice in all the land to devote itself to the subtle mysteries of that medium.

We caught up with "R." in a smoke-filled room as he was in the process of tasting and analyzing certain finalists for his forthcoming "Fourth Annual Connoisseur Awards" (the coveted Herbies), and we got the rare opportunity to watch a true connoisseur at work.

HIGH TIMES: We'll respect your desire for anonymity by not asking you to reveal your identity; but how about some simple background data? How old are you?

"R.": I prefer not to give away any details that would reveal my identity. As a journalist with sources to protect I have to be extremely discreet about what I can reveal about myself. So, let's just say I'm young at heart. I'm writing about an area that very few people have access to and the people who know a lot about marijuana prefer that there be as many extra barriers to their identity as possible.

HIGH TIMES: Do you take extra precautions in terms of the law? I remember in one column you said that you never possessed more than a half ounce of marijuana at one time.

"R.": That's true. I seldom actually have more than one or two joints, and as everyone around *HIGH TIMES* knows I am constantly bumming joints. That's one way that I have a broad experience of the range of marijuana smoked by people. I'm constantly bumming joints from them.

HIGH TIMES: Well, have you ever dealt pot for a living?

"R.": Never dealt pot. The most I've bought at a time has been an ounce. I identify with the ounce-buying consumer out there. I am not representing big dealers; I am not representing big growers; I am representing the people who save up a little money and buy some dope to smoke on the weekend and want to know what's the very best around. And so it's important really that I don't have a financial stake in it. I only have a stake in the pleasure of it. You could look at me as a kind of Ralph Nader of the recreational smoker. A Craig Claiborne of cannabis.

HIGH TIMES: Did you ever meet dealers who put you down and think they may know more because they deal in multi-kilos?

"R.": Not anymore. I think I now have the respect of most dealers and growers I meet. Although my column is often controversial, they realize that basically I am the last word when it comes to taste. But I did serve a difficult apprenticeship. I wanted to do this column about a year before Tom Forcade, who founded the magazine, would let me. I thought there was a real need for someone to act for marijuana the way wine connoisseurs act for wine: criticize vintages and explain the phenomenology of taste, et cetera, et cetera. I made this case to Tom.

And he agreed with it intellectually but he felt at the time that I didn't have enough experience or wisdom. So... I spent a year learning from him about marijuana varieties, about being high and articulating the high. He and I had different styles. He was often cryptic and terse and would sometimes only indicate his preferences with a grunt, while I tend to be florid and profuse. **HIGH TIMES:** Could you elaborate a little on your apprenticeship?

"R.": Back then it was the heyday of Colombia, 1975 or 1976, and every week or so it seemed there was a new, exciting kind of Colombian that would come in. Tom would have access to it and we'd sit around and smoke it and get into little riffs about, say, how the gold Colombians differ from the red Colombians. And he'd point out physical characteristics of the grass: the resin on the seed bracts, things like that.

Tom was a great conceptualizer and I never saw him with more than a pound or two of dope hanging around for his personal use, but there are many people who say that he was also a great smuggler. And so, he had access, apparently, to a wide range of people, who had a whole spectrum of marijuana. He was different from ordinary smugglers. He saw marijuana not just as some new version of bootleg liquor that prohibition-type entrepreneurs could get rich on. He saw it as a genuine medium. The way TV, music, movies, are media. He saw marijuana like print, as a way of changing the consciousness of the country. And he used to, in some of his more grandiose moments, imagine that someone who had a sufficient control over the kind of marijuana that was coming into the United States could in some way have control over the national mood. We used to sit and talk about that. What does it mean that Colombian has replaced Mexican? I had a whole theory of how that was a key way the '60s changed to the '70s. The Mexican was the more lively, active, get-out-there-into-the-streets kind of grass. Colombian was a more lay-back-and-put-on-the-head-phones-and-space-out kind of grass. Which is, in a way, the difference between the '60s and the '70s.

HIGH TIMES: You actually started the column shortly before Tom died. How did he like the first few columns? Did he criticize them?

"R.": We'd argue a lot about them at first. He would go over the copy meticulously

and then gradually he began to get confidence that I knew what I was doing. And I think it was the one I did on Colombian tasting, in which I developed a whole thesis about the three personalities of Colombian grass—the reds, the blonds and the dark browns—that impressed him. I compared them with the personalities of red-haired women, blondes and brunettes, among other things. He thought I was the right man for the job.

HIGH TIMES: When did you smoke your first joint?

"R.": Ah, my first joint... I was a junior in high school. Some guy who was going to school in California had brought back some dope. I think I went through at first what everyone went through back then. At first I didn't feel anything. And then I sort of tried to imagine I was feeling something. We were at this deserted beachfront and I looked around and I saw the trees. And I started seeing faces in the trees. I had seen faces in the trees before. Patterns in clouds and things like that. But these were sort of more totally real and kinetic and almost movielike. I began to think, "Hmm, this may be what being high is about."

I think the first really ecstatic revelation I had was a year later in college. I got high and looked at the inside of a Beatles album cover. I think it's *Magical Mystery Tour*, the one with the women in white gowns lined up on this beautiful array of descending stairs. Suddenly there leaped into focus these red devils embracing the women from behind. Now, I guarantee you that if you get high and you look, you'll see them. They are there.

I think when I started writing I began to find that marijuana is a kind of storytelling plant. Hemp is a kind of twine. It binds things together physically. Marijuana when smoked has a way of tying phenomena together in the consciousness. Tying experiences together into a storylike form. And I began to find that, in writing, marijuana could often bring out the sort of childlike storytelling delight that is the real, or only, pleasure in writing.

HIGH TIMES: Apropos to that, how do you feel about the whole notion of recreational use of marijuana? Allen Ginsberg, for one, feels that people are almost misusing marijuana.

"R.": I once spoke with Ginsberg, and his critique of marijuana was that it leads to a kind of "subjective sensationalism." I think that he is right about that, but there is nothing wrong with sensationalism in the sense of discovering the intrinsic intensity and excitement to things. I think if you spend all of your time being blown away, saying, "Oh, wow," then that's too passive. The question is, Is it legitimate to use marijuana for recreational purposes? I would say yes, it is. Life is short, and it's better to experience the full intense potential of things than to allow the static of civilization to anesthe-

tize responses.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think marijuana can be abused?

"R.": I think that marijuana doesn't make smart people stupid; but on the other hand, it doesn't make stupid people smart. It can be abused in the sense that for some people it may not do any good. They may be immune to a kind of certain perceptual level or subtlety... I don't know. This may sound too snobby, but I think for some people marijuana isn't that much different than beer. It's something to get bombed or fucked up on and in that sense can be abused. But I think people deserve a break, a change of pace in their lives, and there is nothing wrong with drinking beer.

HIGH TIMES: You mentioned snobbery. What is the difference between a connoisseur and a snob?

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"R.": Well, a snobby person would say, "Oh, I only smoke expensive sinsemilla, you know. I never smoke cheapo Mexican grass." That's a snobby attitude because it's an unreflective belief that the more expensive and cosmetically attractive the grass is the better it is. While the connoisseur would find the true subtleties and interesting rhythms in some fresh Mexican weed with a hell of a lot of seeds and a cheap price tag. It might actually be a more interesting high than some overrefined sinsemillas.

HIGH TIMES: Would you get tired if you had to smoke the same pot all the time?

"R.": Oh, yes, I definitely believe that each crop of marijuana really has its own personality due to a combination of soil conditions, genetics—just as in human beings, personality results from a combination of genetics and environment. If you smoke

one kind of grass, or a grass from one crop or one country even, all the time, you get too accustomed to it. There is less surprise. I find it much better to switch.

HIGH TIMES: I remember in your early columns on Hawaiian and since you really questioned the whole price structure.

"R.": I think when things got to be around three hundred dollars an ounce, I thought this was really ridiculous, by any standards, and maybe you would be better off going to some tropical island for the three hundred, spend it on plane fare rather than dope at that point. You could almost go to Hawaii for that much.

HIGH TIMES: Was that controversial?

"R.": Not the Hawaiian column so much. Actually, when I visited Hawaii, it turned out to be controversial. I thought I would be welcomed there. It turned out they were ready to lynch me. Then when I criticized Californian in a column I made a lot of enemies there too.

HIGH TIMES: About when was this?

"R.": Okay, well, I tasted my first sinsemilla in Hollywood in '73. And... I was quite impressed. Then we go to '78 when I wrote this column, and by that time it had become sort of too much for too little. The price was too much. The high was not that interesting. By that time I felt that things had gone too far. People were paying for cosmetics, and sinsemilla had entered a phase from being genuinely exotic and a rival to Thai and a special kind of high, to the kind of standard, commercial sinsemilla.

HIGH TIMES: Getting back to that sinsemilla column. It was almost like the Emperor's New Clothes column.

"R.": I didn't say that it didn't get you high, did I? I said there was kind of a cult of sinsemilla. I try to write these columns based on stories that happen. I was at a party and someone said, "Want to smoke a joint of this Colombian?" And he passed it around and we had a good time. And then some guy who was just in from California said, "Hey, don't smoke that Colombian shit. I've got some sinsemilla." And it was as if he expected that we should all fall down and worship this idol. I called since the California girl, or the surfer girl, of the American pot. Kind of beautiful on the outside, enticing in many ways on the surface, but not where you first look for kind of soulful intensity. There was a certain vanilla blandness to it. Anything green and seedless from California was worshiped. There have been fabulous California varieties around. But, I thought it's better for the growers, it's better for the smokers, if people become more discriminating and not just go by looks.

HIGH TIMES: Haven't you seen a rivalry develop between Californian and Hawaiian?

"R.": Definitely. There is a very big rivalry and I think that Hawaiian has always been for me the peak American dope. And I've had really good Colombian but...

The lush pleasure of the high from the Puna butter, the excitement of Maui wowie, the vibrant intensity of Kauai, is unmatched by most Californians. I've smoked some good Californian but I think that to my mind there is something about California indicas that are too much like Romilar cough-syrup high. A too heavy, syrupy kind of brain-thudding, logey, kind of downer, druggery, Sominex sort of high. And actually I like to smoke it and it's not that bad. But compared with marijuana that takes you on exciting trips, this kind of knocks you out and you don't want to get knocked out.

HIGH TIMES: In all fairness, isn't there that type of dope growing in Hawaii too?

"R.": There is, but I don't think the emphasis there is on that. In Hawaii they don't want to be paralyzed. They want to get out and surf. Hawaii is a volcanic place. Hawaii has volcanic soil and we're talking about the kind of dope that has a sort of volcanic magic to it. While California is too laid back. Let me say this: The best Hawaiian I've smoked is better than the best Californian I've smoked.

HIGH TIMES: While we're talking about different states, let's sample some of our smorgasbord here. First let's smoke this "Arizona climate control sinsemilla," which was grown in lava bed soil with the temperature and carbon dioxide conditions supposedly approximating Hawaii's. We had someone send this in and they said it was considered '82's best in their circles. This bud that you see here, how would you describe it?

"R.": I am not a great believer in generalizing the high from the buds, since I've seen many sort of nondescript buds give you a better high than beautiful buds. But this stuff is... very red, that's for sure. It has that kind of embroidered look from a nice manicuring job. I don't believe in too close manicuring. I think you should get a little leaf mixed in with the buds. And some people clip it too closely.

HIGH TIMES: Do you go by stickiness at all?

"R.": No. You can't. It may mean that it's fresher but I often find that pot can be too fresh. And if it's sticky it's often too fresh and the cruder and more primal THC isomers overwhelm the subtler ones.

HIGH TIMES: How can you keep track of what you've smoked and what you thought of it while you're smoking one type of grass after another?

"R.": People always ask me, How can you describe a high? Or smoke three different kinds of dope and still analyze it? And the only answer I can give is talent. This is something that I happen to be good at. I agree, it's difficult. Most people can't do it. But, that's why I am so valuable. I can. And so, I am able to enjoy all three highs but also separate and analyze each one. What I like about this one immediately is that it's clearly an *up* high. You will enjoy pacing around. If you're in good physical condition, as I

am, your body will feel motivated to stretch out into a good posture and you get up and move rather than be paralyzed. It's stuff that makes you want to dance rather than stuff that makes you want to collapse. So, I like this already. It has that going for it. But again, I think this might be the kind of stuff that's *too* strong. You still get too much of an immediate physical effect. It's not a balanced high. I find that too much of a speedy adrenaline physical effect no longer becomes upbeat and interesting. It becomes like being plugged into an electric socket.

HIGH TIMES: What do you like best, indica or sativa? Now, I think you said you like a cross best?

"R.": Well, I have always been a sativa loyalist. Indica is nice in many ways but I do think it's too much of a downer.

Indica, I think, goes direct for the auto-

"Marijuana doesn't make smart people stupid; but on the other hand, it doesn't make stupid people smart."

nomic nervous system. Blood pressure, heartbeat, smooth muscles. Sativa is more parasympathetic. It's a more cerebral effect. I believe people smoke too much dope, though. Many people don't really get the benefits of a little bit of pot. Smoking a whole joint of it is just pointless.

HIGH TIMES: Let's try stickless Thai, because that is becoming like a major category in the exotic markets.

"R.": I think stickless Thai has really come into its own. And it's very revealing. I mean, it shows that there is an appetite for something more exotic than Californian and Hawaiian. Thai offers something special... otherwise, why would people go halfway across the world to get it and bring it back.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of it?

"R.": This has that special Thai aroma. If it

came all the way from Thailand, it has dried out a little. It's mellowed out a little. It's ripened in some way. You can tell it's a more subtle, exotic high.

HIGH TIMES: Didn't you once compare the process of cultivating sinsemilla to a modern chicken factory in terms of its dehumanizing effect?

"R.": Well, yes, I am not sure whether this is a physiological or philosophical question, or what the actual boundaries of those are, but as most people are aware, the sinsemilla pot is grown by totally depriving female plants of any male pollen. And when the female plants ripen and form seed pods ready to receive the pollen, they go crazy when they don't get any. And they start exuding more and more resin to attract the pollen and trap it. These plants go into an ecstasy of femaleness, and it is in this female resin that the most concentrated THC is. I have a feeling that it's perhaps for that reason that sinsemilla is a more passive, quieting kind of high than seeded pot which enjoyed an active sex life. Well, that's my theory.

HIGH TIMES: You want to go through some hits from the past here and give us your impressions of some old favorites and fabled pot? Let's start with the most famous of all, Acapulco gold.

"R.": Yes, I think I once smoked it. I think that in the late '60s someone who really knew grass got me high once on some Acapulco gold. And it was great. Some people say Acapulco gold is myth. I believe there was great Acapulco gold. I found out that the Mexican government destroyed these peasant guerrillas who were growing the original Acapulco gold. They slaughtered them in their misguided attempts to wipe out grass traffic. And so for a long time there was no Acapulco gold. And now supposedly there is some new stuff.

HIGH TIMES: Panama red.

"R.": I really miss that the most. I hardly got to smoke any Panama red, and I think it really legitimately disappeared and some red Colombians began to be called Panama red; but I think just as there was a real Acapulco gold, a real Mowie wowie, there really was a real Panama red. And it was a special, almost kind of spiritual high. It's interesting that the grass I named Dope of the Year last year was some West Virginia grass that was grown from Panamanian seeds, and I am a great fan of Panama grass.

HIGH TIMES: What was the difference between wacky weed and chiba-chiba? Was there a difference?

"R.": I have had stuff that has been called wacky weed that's been strange enough to earn that name, and yet different enough each time to make me wonder if wacky weed was a... you know, a one-time phenomenon, a really weird but interesting aberration.

Chiba was sort of on a different spectrum. It was like the champagne of clear, bubbly Colombian highs. Wacky weed was

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this strange, exotic jungle trip of a high.

HIGH TIMES: Santa Marta gold.

"R.": Ah, truly, that may be one of my all-time favorites. It seemed to be around for about a year. Just long enough to make you think that would be around forever. It was a really upbeat kind of delightful high, real sociable, soaring, interesting...and suddenly it disappeared.

HIGH TIMES: How long do you think that lasted?

"R.": Maybe a couple of years. It seemed to get better and better for a while. That was the great thing. Each new ounce that you would come across would be more interesting. It would be blonder, you know. It would be blonder than blond. The seeds themselves were beautiful. It had luminous blond seeds...or deep brown seeds in this blond background. So really beautiful in itself. And spicy smelling and tasting. The California sinsemilla tastes like dessert, but this was like really spicy, exotic Latin food.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think there is any truth to the rumor that the reason Santa Marta gold was so big in New York was that Forcade had cornered the market on Santa Marta gold?

"R.": Well, I like the story. I like the notion of it. And I am sure Tom would have loved the notion of it. And maybe he spread the notion of it. But there's no way of knowing whether it's actually true. He certainly liked it. And yes, actually that was my first assignment from him. To do a story on Santa Marta gold as dope of the year. [Laughs] Wait a minute. Suddenly I begin to see a connection. [Laughs] But it was great grass. From a sort of totally objective point of view. There was nothing like it.

HIGH TIMES: We have noticed that the joints that you have personally rolled from buds you have bummed have been atrocious. Now, is it true that "R." the Connoisseur, can't roll a good joint? Is there any excuse for this?

"R.": Yes, to both questions. Well, no, I could roll a good joint, but it is not a high priority to me. Not every one can be a jewel. You know, everyone wants to teach me how to roll a joint. You got to roll it with one paper, or a half a paper; basically I can roll a joint well enough to get me high, so it seems to me that approaching it like the art of Japanese flower arranging, as some people do, means that you spend half the time watching this person craft a joint when you could be getting high, and it seems like life is too short to make perfect joint rolling a priority.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk about the inherent temptations somebody in your position must always come across. I mean, on the one hand, you want to represent the average consumer, and on the other hand, when a food critic goes to a restaurant he gets incredible service.

"R.": No, it's difficult, because everyone wants you to say their pot is the greatest

you've ever smoked, and since I am mainly bumming joints, it's hard for me to tell them it's no good. You always feel the pressure to say something nice in their presence, but I retain my objectivity in my columns.

HIGH TIMES: Have you ever had any really serious, tempting offers to abuse your position and endorse a certain kind of pot?

"R.": Well, it's a position that can't really be abused because everything depends on the judgment of the individual ounce buyer when he's making his choice. The only way you can tell whether you want to buy grass is to taste it yourself. My function is to encourage people to be more sensitive and receptive in their taste of grass, not to push any particular variety.

We can move on this Guerrero gold.

HIGH TIMES: Yes. A seeded Mexican. It is not a seedless.

"R.": It's a little stale so it's hard to tell. A little bit too stale. Tastes a little like primo Colombian rather than something that is genuinely gold in the sense of taste, and it's not a particularly golden look.

Gold is a much abused term. There's a lot of "fool's gold," which is stuff that is gold colored but doesn't get you high, and then there is stuff like this that's called "gold," but I'll be damned if I can see a single gold facet to any part of this plant. So I have to say it's disappointing. It's got some force to it. It's got some zip to it. But not particularly interesting.

HIGH TIMES: Do you really feel there is no noise, no interference now? Isn't this different from wine tasting? With wine tasting you take maybe a little sip and you spit it out. You don't even drink it. And here you consume a pretty good amount of different varieties of cannabis.

"R.": It is different from wine tasting. It's more difficult. It requires someone of a greater discriminating talent, intelligence and sensory perceptiveness. And I am your man. What can I say?

HIGH TIMES: We've been meaning to talk to you about this: Are you apprenticing someone now? Don't you feel it's almost your duty to find an apprentice at this point in your career?

"R.": Well, what's in it for me?

HIGH TIMES: Maybe you could find someone who could bring you samples, find them at parties—

"R.": Well, you know, I hardly ever turn down an invitation to a party. So...

HIGH TIMES: Someone could roll your joints for you?

"R.": If someone wanted to volunteer, you know... But I would probably distrust that person.

HIGH TIMES: Let's take this a little further. Are there "R." groupies?

"R.": Well, I think that is something that probably we had better not discuss.

HIGH TIMES: Do people ever pressure you to have good pot?

"R.": Yes. That's another annoying thing. I

am always expected to have better pot than anyone, and usually I do, but when you are dealing with growers fresh out of Humboldt County with eight different kinds of purple, you really can't be expected to match that. So, yes, that's a burden, but I try to bear it as lightly as possible.

HIGH TIMES: As "R." you've traveled a little bit under the auspices of HIGH TIMES. You got to go to Hawaii. I know you had some amusing anecdotes. I think particularly of the time you had a smoke-off with a chimp.

"R.": Yes, I think this is one of the great moments in the history of Western civilization. Just to depict the scene for those who weren't there: It was a dope-smoking contest in Hawaii featuring a chimp who not only smoked joints but harvested grass and rolled his own. And there I was with a paper bag over my head to preserve my anonymity, sitting across the table from the chimp. It was a big interspecies smoke-out. I felt I was standing up for human consciousness as opposed to that of a vicious primate who tried to psyche me out before the contest by biting me. Then when the contest started, what the chimp would do was take one long puff and smoke an entire joint from beginning to end, hold in all of the smoke and then blow it out his ears. When I saw that I knew it was like John Henry versus the Steam Engine. I would never be able to top the chimp at sheer quantity.

But see, I am against transferring this

drinking ethic—how much you can drink—to how much you can smoke. I think that's a mistake. You know how people boast, "Man, I smoked eight joints and really got so ripped." What people should be able to boast is that they took one puff of some really good stuff and went on a whole fascinating trip just from that. You shouldn't need more than three puffs of grass at a time to experience the personality of a high. More than that and you lose the subtleties.

HIGH TIMES: Okay, why don't we try this sample from Humboldt County?

"R.": Yes, let's take on a Humboldt product. The label here says "Humboldt County greenhouse sensi...one of 1982's best." Hmm... could be cured better. This one bud is all that's left. A lot of greedy pigs around here.

HIGH TIMES: We have a HIGH TIMES paper over there. Maybe just the right size.

"R.": Okay. Actually, I like this. What is it made of?

HIGH TIMES: Rice.

"R.": Well, here's a little joint of Humboldt County and it's old, but wow. It has that skunky odor that people brag about. I've had skunkier, sweatier smelling stuff. This is dry by now. It's clearly been around for a while, but it's got that characteristic fragrance. The odor begins to become really intoxicating. I do have sort of a revisionist theory about California grass. I feel now that the odor itself is psychoactive and that

continued on page 39

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inhaling it can get you high in some way like poppers. Although I hate poppers. You do get a hearty rush from smelling this skunky stuff. Now, let's see the taste. This is a really badly rolled joint. Certainly wouldn't want to defend this. I mean, it's pathetic. But wait, it draws. Well, this is not bad. You can tell... you can tell like a real difference in the indica high. It's got a certain serenity to it. I like it. It's got an emotional quality to it. That sounds like a paradox, but it's like a powerful, reptile brain level stimulation.

HIGH TIMES: You may be right. Fire it up—

"R.": Yeah. This is clearly different from the other grasses we have been smoking. Clearly an indica. Maybe I've been too harsh on indica. Or, maybe, after all the sativa you need an indica. It's often good to smoke another grass. You get the contrast.

HIGH TIMES: Nice hearty taste to it.

"R.": Yes. I like this. It's got a kind of wind-swept, coastal rainswept beach... a powerful California redwood forest feel to it.

HIGH TIMES: We have talked about different types of smoke representing different decades. We talked about the Mexican '60s, the Colombian '70s, and now we see sinsemilla... well, basically, a domestic market. Is it really truly the dominant market of the '80s?

"R.": I think the rise in domestic certainly has been sensational. It's grown in almost every state in the nation. American farmers triumphing—and what else can you say but give them credit for growing under all the harassment that they get for the brave pioneering agriculture they are doing? The smartest thing for the U.S. government would be to recognize what a great export crop it has available.

HIGH TIMES: Great export?

"R.": Yes, I think Europe would go wild over U.S. sinse. It's important to realize that marijuana has only been prohibited in this country for a small fraction of the country's history. It has only been prohibited for forty-five years, since 1937. So it's an aberration, as stupid as the prohibition of alcohol, but one that hasn't been sensibly brought to a halt and reversed the way prohibition was. And so the whole scene of relationships between grower, dealer and smoker is distorted by a pathetic prohibition mentality.

HIGH TIMES: What do you say to people who tell you that what you're doing is encouraging greater marijuana use?

"R.": Actually, I encourage people to smoke less. I'm helping people to be more discriminating, to be able to enjoy to the fullest the value of the single puff. Smoke less, enjoy more. Get higher in a more interesting way. I don't think that that's hurting people. I think it's helping them. If they are going to smoke, they might as well learn to smoke something that will encourage them to use their minds, expand their awareness, take them on a more interesting, enlightening journey than something that will jumble up their minds. □

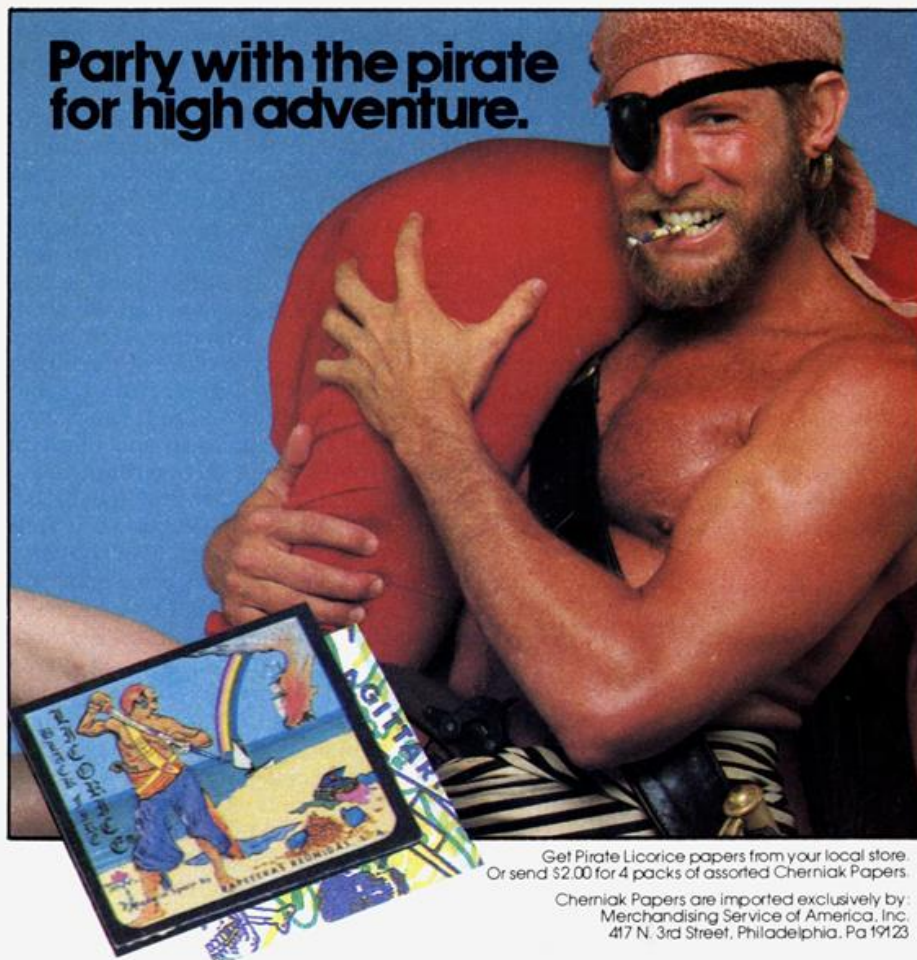
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SEX & DRUGS & TOM FORCADE

My Eight Years With High Times (And Then Some)

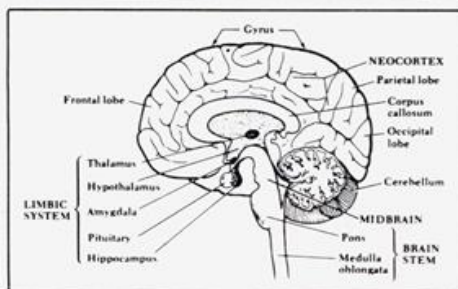
by Dean Latimer, Sordid Affairs Editor

"Who disturbs my rest?" It was obviously my yearlong office mate, Bob Lemmo, but I made my voice baleful as possible anyway. It was barely 11 in the morning, a beautiful June morning in 1979. Even *Lemmo* ought be discouraged from ringing my phone at any such damn-fool wholesome hour.

"It's Gabrielle!" It could have been Godzilla, from the tone of his voice. "She just came up with a bunch of goons and took the place over. Lawyers, too! There's Silver Streak Cadillacs from one end of the block to the other. You gotta get over here and see this, Latimer. It's Gabrielle!"

"Awwwww, fuck!" The phlegm flew straight across my top-floor hooker-hotel room, and said "whop" against the plaster. "At eleven o'clock in the Goddamn morning she's got to pull this? I'll get my britches on and be straight over."

"It's out of sight the way that drug works." Tom Forcade could use cheering up, early November '78. It was not so much that you felt an obligation to try to alleviate this wretched human being's pain; you just got all cheery and positive in self-defense, sort of, when he was around, to try to shield yourself from his positively radioactive misery. "It's the flashback mechanics, Tom. Nothing else exactly like it in pharmacology. Lookee here."



I flipped open Carl Sagan's *Dragons of Eden* to the paper-clipped page and laid the detailed cross section of the human brain open before Forcade's face, as you would move a dinner tray before a paraplegic. "It goes into your head sort of ass backwards, see? It collects in your spinal fluid, because it's got this special affinity for body acid, and spinal fluid's the most acidic part of your body. Then it creeps up into your medulla, this big bulge here. That's sort of your clam brain, the basic reflex-response part: heartbeat, knee-jerk, tactile sensation, real basic functions. So you're totally anesthetized when the PCP creeps up in there out of your spine, see? Then it tamps down your limbic system—hypothalamus, amygdala, hippocampus, see up here? That's what Sagan calls your lizard brain; it's involved with emotion, basic fear, rage, lust, ambivalence. PCP doesn't exactly shut it down, but switches off the connections between your limbic system and the orbital frontal neocortex. That's your 'me' part of the brain, right up front here, the observing, learning, self-aware structures. Which is why dustheads love PCP: It tamps down activity in the clam brain and the lizard brain, and absolutely disengages the whole animal part from the abstract 'me' part. So you feel like you're a disembodied entity floating in outer space, and your body's sort of in the next room over, arms and legs a hundred miles long. That's how come they rave about this out-of-body horseshit. Totally spurious, but try to tell them that. They're dustheads. That guy Lilly, the doc who talks to dolphins? He's big into taking Ketamine in sense-dep tanks, they're making a big pop-horror movie out of it. Ketamine's exactly like PCP, only it—"

Forcade was stirred to momentary interest. "You can draw a straight line through the me brain, the lizard brain and the clam brain..."

While Forcade's body was still in the respirator up in St. Vincent's, one evening about three weeks later, the waiting room downstairs was entirely populated by young women. Only his wife, Gabrielle, was admitted up into those ghastly precincts where battlefield surgery is performed. But just about every other woman Tom had ever met in his life had been absolutely head-over-heels in love with him, and they were all, seemingly, gathered in the St. Vincent's waiting room, radiating a cloud of collective misery so intense it rivaled any of Forcade's profoundest depressive phases. So I only stood around long enough to determine that he had shot himself in the head that afternoon with his pearl-handled .22 pistol, and I retreated to McGowan's, the gloomy, intimate little tavern catty-corner across 11th and Greenwich Street.



McGowan's was and is a terrific spot for picking up St. Vincent's nurses when they come off shift, but this night I had a different quarry. "Can you do me a favor, Lynda?" I asked the waitress who laid out my veal parmigiana and baked potato. "Have the barmaid keep an eye out for any St. Vincent's surgeon who comes in looking *real* shook up, okay? Any doc who looks really at wit's end, pale and shaky, and orders doubles quick, okay?"

Lynda, a freelance *Soho News* scribe herself, was intrigued. "What is it, a murder? A rock star overdosed? What?"

"I can't talk about it. I'm eating."

The doctor was shook up, but he wasn't pale. He was African, probably Nigerian. The barmaid tipped me to him right around 10 o'clock. I gave him time for a couple quick doubles, and then gently intruded into his brood.

"Have you been working on a suicide attempt, .22 pistol?"

In his mahogany face, the bloodshot in his eye-whites told a terrible story. "He's dead. We stopped everything. It was no good."

"What was the trajectory of the bullet?"

"Perfect." He forefingered a spot on his forehead, then turned in profile to trace a straight line that passed just across his earlobe. "It was like surgery. He could have done no better with a .22 bullet. If he had used a .38, it would have completely stopped action in—you know, the medulla oblongata? There would have been no need to try the respirator, nothing for it to work with." He went back to his straight double bourbon.

"Jesus."

"You are a friend? Or a journalist?"

"Both. I knew the guy for years. Since we were kids."

"He was a kid," the doc said disgustedly. "He was 32, a child. Why this now?"

"I don't know. Thanks, Doctor. I'm sorry I bothered you like this, but I knew the guy a long time."

King Forcade as a "kid."

Still, we were exactly the same age, and I know I was a kid back in '68, when this Forcade guy commenced weird-vibing around the East Village. That's what we called the Lower East Side then, while it was slowly evolving from a *shtetl* of refugee European Jews and their former Ukrainian concentration-camp personnel into the *barrio* of third-generation Puerto Ricans and the latest refugee influx of island people it is today. For a while there, at the beginning of this process, a batch of low-rent artists and writers and performers and dancers moved into this immemorial and unredeemable *slum*, and started up a hippie newspaper called the *East Village Other*. The local realtors were so infatuated with this new euphemism for the horrid old Lower East Side that they call it the East Village to this day, and use that to soak the poor people there for every possible anna in the rupee with it.

Now, this Forcade person could hardly be called, even by the most charitable construction of these terms, an artist, a writer, a performer or a dancer. People who liked him have done so in print since November '78, but only by dipping *very* deeply into metaphor. We at the *East Village Other* immediately typed this Forcade as one magnificent fake-out and ripoff artist, potentially right up there with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. I still hold by that characterization, but I give it a transcendently tragic twist now.



It was a loony morris dance. Jerry did Marc Antony, Abbie did Falstaff and Forcade did Iago, all very proficiently; and thus Yuppies were generated in the earth, and pester it to this day. Jerry and Abbie everyone knows plenty about—everyone over 30, anyway (gotcha!)—but you had to be just exceedingly *infra dig* to have knowledge of Thomas King Forcade, the *eminence gris* of the flower-people-gone-political. The most public thing Forcade ever did was to pitch a custard pie into the face of a congressman at a Washington obscenity hearing. Why exactly he did this I'll never figure out, since that particular congressman was *fiercely* committed to absolute strict construction of the First Amendment. Maybe Tom was in the grip of a seasonal Maoism

recurrence—it came over him regularly, like malaria—and figured he could Heighten the Contradictions by pie-killing a free-press proponent. Or maybe it was just the only public figure within a likely custard trajectory of Tom's location on the spot. In assessing Forcade's behavior, one always dangles out into loose ends like this.

Anyway, like I say, I really hardly knew this sinister individual over the decade we coconspired rather tightly together. I mean, look at the picture of this guy pieing that congressman.

Would you want to cozy up to any such sinister, black-becloaked, slouch-hatted, Fu Manchued caricature of Lee Van Cleef out of a late-'60s spaghetti Western?



Well sure, no way around it, there *are* a lot of people in the world who romantically gravitate to sinister romantic figures like that. I'm just not that way, myself. People like Forcade scare me to fucking *death*, so no matter how often soever the trade of garet journalism brings me within their orbit, I stay an asteroid, never a satellite. Keep the bastards at *arm's* length.

Forcade knew that, so early on he periodically doffed the cloak and slouch in my *EVO* office, perched himself yogi-legged in his deerskin boots atop my gorgeous American-flag desk, rolled up the reefer, and Got Down with me. Getting Down with Forcade basically involved getting so comfortable with the guy—a real *person*, y'know, like, underneath all that Fu Manchu spaghetti-Western horseshit, really man—that you wound up spilling your whole autobiography, philosophy of life, plans for the future, and so on. (Of course, you never learned from him that *he* was just an air-force brat in typical ambivalent rebellion against a much-bemedaed and entirely dead father.) Forcade was nearly as good at this Getting Down riff as the fatherly FBI agent who, in '68, tried to seduce me into *snitching* on the Yuppies after what appeared to be a chance encounter and Get-Down in a West Village coffeehouse. Filthy mind-fuck artists. Keep 'em at arm and *leg's* length.

Tom, y'see, was recruiting likely propaganda hacks for his various Yippie adven-



Courtesy of Charlie Frick

It was a long time okay, but I didn't know him *that* well, and never once, before he was dead, had I ever thought of Thomas

tures, and when it comes to flashy dopenik propaganda hacks, I have *always* been the best and cheapest on the market. (Think about it a minute; there is no immodesty at all in such a confession.) He and the Yippies developed so many dynamite ideas—running a live 700-pound Landrace boar, named simply Pig, for president in every Democratic primary in the '68 election, like wow man—my *EVO* column briefly became one of their most colorful media mouthpieces. After the bloody Gehenna they structured in Chicago that summer, though, I soured considerably on the motherfuckers.



journal without fear of copyright violation. Since this was how we all worked anyway, we were just as happy to have it casually formalized on these swatches of legal paper.

Then Forcade, chairman and sole proprietor of the APS, landed a fat contract with the New American Library to produce, bi-monthly, a "paperback magazine" of counterculture art and literature. And thus he mysteriously showed up at my personal East Village railroad flat late one night with a big brown portfolio of documents: "Turn this into an article by next Thursday, and you get \$350. But don't tell *anybody* about it, Latimer. It's important." A swirl of the cape, and he was gone in the night.

Now, \$350 all at once, for me, was a sum so vast I'd have to *bank* it, lest the junkies discover it whilst shortcutting through my pad from the airshaft to the street, as they regularly did. So I wasn't about to ask any questions, just write that wonderful article by Thursday.



The portfolio contained mainly letters from political prisoners and their radical attorneys: Black Panthers, counterculture mouthpieces doing heavy time in the Midwest for petty pot possession, the usual LBJ-Nixon crackdown casualties. But there were some among them who had fucking *bombed* places, a revolutionary gesture I consider detestable; even if you're scrupulously careful not to blow up any human beings or yourself (an ethical risk no one short of a Special Services vet is qualified to take), the only effect of bombing is to scare the living shit out of the selfsame proletariat you're supposedly trying to mobilize with such romantic revolutionary gestures. "Look them crazy muthafugas blew up an AT&T office on Park Avenue yessiday. I see them chumps on *Amsterdam* with they muthafughin *nitro-glycerine*. I gone come up side they white hippie heads with a muthafughin .38, bro." So when I wrote up *their* cases, I went outside of Forcade's portfolio and entered the substantiated indict-

ment dirt along with the radical hearts and flowers.

Forcade always *hated* that, I was to learn to my pain later on, any time his hacks went outside the propaganda portfolios he assembled for us. But in this case, when I delivered my ms. to the APS office, he slipped a prewritten NAL-account check to me without even glancing at the title. "Don't tell a soul about this 'til the book comes out, Dean. It's important."

Not for some *good* while after the book came out did anyone explain this huggermugger to me. An extremely pissed off feminist writer finally brought it to my attention, after plumbing it from top to bottom. Besides a half dozen or so original pieces from myself and other garret scribblers along Forcade's personal Grub Street, all the text and art in that paperback magazine were *reprints* from APS papers. Damned if old Captain Bad Vibes hadn't took and put the *New American Library* into his own personal APS, with unlimited reprint rights from 300-odd counterculture journals. I will not quote the sums relayed to me from this wet-hen women's libber, but word (totally unsubstantiated, mind you) was that Forcade and his art director on that paperback magazine were divvying up a *seven-figure sum* between themselves each time it came out.

No wonder he was so blessed urgent I shouldn't tell my friends—all writers and artists of the East Village—that he was *paying* for my propaganda, while ripping them off cold. They probably would have broken my legs before going after his, once the word got out.

The paperback magazine itself did fine on the racks, I understand, but the NAL shut it down after just a half dozen issues, just about the time word of this seven-figure ripoff commenced unsubstantiating around. Technically, I suppose, the *East Village Other* could have reprinted the whole copyrighted NAL fiction line if we'd cared to just then; and though radical chic was all the craze that season, it's unlikely the NAL stockholders were *that* crazy about it.

This, to my knowledge, is where the financial nut for HIGH TIMES came from. There are plenty of glamorous, esoteric stories about Tom personally airlifting the first ten tons of Santa Marta gold out of La Guajira in 1973 to simultaneously launch HIGH TIMES and knock Mexican skankweed off the national market—but I take all that razzmatazz with a hefty snort of uncut sodium chloride, personally. The notion of Tom Forcade, with his barely premonitory paranoia quotient, surviving even a couple hours on the same premises with any *really* felonious tonnage of weed simply does not compute for me. The guy was, to be blunt but accurate, *Not Kool*.

[Editor's note: For an alternative view on Tom's involvement in the dope trade, see the sidebar to this piece, by Bob Lemmo, Dean's old officemate. This month's interview with
continued on page 44]

No, that's mildly misleading, that epithet. The *Motherfuckers*, styled as such themselves, were the East Villagers who started blowing themselves up with dynamite after Chicago, and committing various other such psychopathic stunts to this day, like murdering policemen; or publishing their psychopathic autobiographies the minute the statutes of limitations lapse. Forcade, like me, was specifically diagnosed by the Motherfuckers as part of the Problem, not the Solution, and lived in daily apprehension for some time of their righteous revolutionary retribution; so we had *that* experience in common too.

Forcade first became my boss, briefly, in late '69. By that time he'd taken over what's now called the Alternative Press Syndicate: an informal transnational arrangement, back then, of several hundred pinko-faggodopenik papers like *EVO*. Forcade formalized and streamlined it. All the 300-some publishers involved formally signed an agreement that any APS journal could reprint any art or text from any *other* APS

Tom Forcade dealt pot. More importantly, he loved pot. Sure, as my learned colleague Latimer has pointed out, Forcade had a barely premorbid paranoia quotient—but marijuana, unlike people, didn't bug Tom, so he often surrounded himself with mounds and mounds of the stuff. Forcade the publisher and Forcade the man, as has been documented many times, was often a crazed, destructive asshole, but I cannot recall a single instance when Forcade the dealer was overtaken by his Captain Bad Vibes persona.

The first time I met Forcade, it was so he could sell me some pot, and the way he

ary 1974. I remember the date because Patty Hearst had just been kidnapped by some revolutionaries and Forcade's comment was, "Funny, they didn't look Symbionese."

I think the guy not only felt comfortable around pot, he reveled in the stuff and feasted on its presence. Shortly after Forcade started *HIGH TIMES*, Andy Kowl and I went to visit him at his safehouse one night. We entered into a small "receiving" room. There were two rooms off this foyer. One was relatively bare, with a few garbage sacks of pot on the floor and a tacky suburban stand-up bar in the corner. Over the bar was a powerful light, used for the inspec-

space to the casual street observer. The back space of Bobbys was the weighing room where the goods were stored and weighed. This back room is where, after business hours, Forcade would entertain a few people in his court, with plastic bags and safes and cabinets full of hundreds of pounds of cannabis products serving as a backdrop.

Bobbys had a list of rules that filled an 8½ × 11 sheet, single spaced. Hours were strictly limited to something like three hours per day. Customers had a specific time to report. You knew not to bother ringing the bell if you were two minutes late. If

ANOTHER SIDE OF TOM FORCADE

went about it shows that the guy had a certain amount of Kool. In 1973, Andy Kowl and Bob Sacks, two personages currently mastheaded on this magazine, and I were publishing an alternative (née underground) paper called the *Express* out of the town of Hicksville, Long Island. Now Hicksville was nestled deep in the eastern bowels of Nassau County, a land then fabled as absolutely glutted with idle, snoopy cops and as one of the easiest places in New York State to get busted for pot.

The three of us had talked to Forcade a number of times, since the *Express* belonged to the Alternative Press Syndicate, and when he one day mentioned that he had some great Colombian pot for sale, we indicated our interest. He said fine, he'd run some out to us. The next day he arrived at our office decked out in a cowboy hat and toting a paper shopping bag that was cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die brimming with sun yellow Colombian. We mentioned to him that it was kind of risky toting the pot up from his car all exposed like that, in this neck of the woods. Nah, he said, he hadn't taken a car. He had just spent the last hour or so on the Long Island Rail Road, sitting with his pungent bag of buds, stopping at every village and burg and hamlet between lower Manhattan and the potato farms of Long Island. Then he walked the half dozen or so blocks from the train station to our office. Foolhardy, yes, but I was not left with the impression that Forcade felt ill at ease around marijuana.

The second time I met Forcade, he sold me some pot and some nitrous oxide. He had a small business at that time, in the West 11th Street environs later to become the first *HIGH TIMES* office, selling 5-pound tanks of nitrous oxide which he filled from a 50-pound blue monster tank that dominated his dealing room. This was in Febru-

ary 1974. I remember the date because Patty Hearst had just been kidnapped by some revolutionaries and Forcade's comment was, "Funny, they didn't look Symbionese." I think the guy not only felt comfortable around pot, he reveled in the stuff and feasted on its presence. Shortly after Forcade started *HIGH TIMES*, Andy Kowl and I went to visit him at his safehouse one night. We entered into a small "receiving" room. There were two rooms off this foyer. One was relatively bare, with a few garbage sacks of pot on the floor and a tacky suburban stand-up bar in the corner. Over the bar was a powerful light, used for the inspection of buds. Forcade then led us into the second room, which resembled the Marx Brothers stateroom in *A Night at the Opera*. The room reeked of fresh cork, which is what the walls were totally covered with. The next layer in from the wall was comprised of suitcases, large suitcases piled on top of each other to the ceiling. The small area left in the middle of the room was filled with a stereo, record albums, TV, food, drink, ashtrays, heavy garbage, dirty socks—in short, all the accoutrements of living. The suitcases—I guess there must have been about 20 of them—were each filled with about 25 pounds of pressed Colombian, and its reek raged in battle with the stench of the cork and its noxious adhesive. It seemed obvious to me that Forcade preferred the claustrophobic wall of pot to the open, airy spaces of the other room.

And then there was Bobbys. Bobbys was Tom's smoke-easy. It was originally a vast loft on lower Broadway (later to become *HIGH TIMES*' second office) that Forcade had partitioned off into rooms. The center part of the floorspace was divided into eight sampling and buying rooms. Customers would come to Bobbys at finely staggered intervals and, after being let in to the large front room, would be led into one of the eight cubicles. There they would be presented with various samples of pot. After making their purchase, customers would leave at intervals. The variety of the marijuana at Bobbys was a true spice of life. The freshness of the pot and the fact that what was available was always available in weight indicated to me that Bobbys was not far down the line in receiving the new pot in town off the ship, or truck, or plane.

The front room of Bobbys, which faced the street, was filled with huge amplifiers and microphone booms and such, giving the place the look of a rock-band rehearsal

space to the casual street observer. The back space of Bobbys was the weighing room where the goods were stored and weighed. This back room is where, after business hours, Forcade would entertain a few people in his court, with plastic bags and safes and cabinets full of hundreds of pounds of cannabis products serving as a backdrop.

Bobbys had a list of rules that filled an 8½ × 11 sheet, single spaced. Hours were strictly limited to something like three hours per day. Customers had a specific time to report. You knew not to bother ringing the bell if you were two minutes late. If you arrived on time, but no one answered the bell, you had to come back in exactly ten minutes and try again. People coming by car had to park three blocks away. I was there many times and not once did I catch sight of another customer. Now, I don't think that any of this proves that Tom dealt heavy weight. After all, if the United States government, with all its resources, couldn't prove such a thing, how could I, a mere scrivener? Latimer is one of the most perceptive people I've ever met, but I think he has misconceived Forcade's attitude toward pot. If Forcade had the balls to operate a smoke-easy while simultaneously launching *HIGH TIMES* magazine, I think he had the intestinal fortitude to fly or float tons of the stuff in. After all, in the times of which we speak the Rockefeller drug laws were in full force in New York State, and possession of anything more than an ounce of pot was a felony. Any kind of bust would no doubt have been enough to nail the guy publishing this here magazine that was supposedly glamorizing drugs.

I've never seen a photograph of Forcade posing atop a mountain of bales with his arm around a Guajira Indian, and he never gave me a signed and notarized account of his dealing activities, so I can offer no proof. It hardly matters, anyway, if Forcade's stories of flying into La Guajira or jumping from the deck of a pot trawler seconds ahead of the cops are true or just Forcade bullshit.

Forcade *did* sell tons of pot. He loved pot, loved to talk about it, smoke it, surround himself with it. Forcade showed different parts of his complex personality to different people, and I think he chose not to reveal to Latimer, a noted cannabiphobe, the extent of his love affair with weed.

—Bob Lemmo

SEX & DRUGS & TOM FORCADE

continued from page 42

"R., our dope connoisseur, also provides another glimpse into Forcade's unique, multifaceted personality. Perhaps Tom felt that Latimer was too paranoid to survive even a couple of minutes on the same premises with himself and any faintly felonious tonnage of weed.]

Consider this very atypical episode in very early '72. Flush with *National Lampoon* mazuma, I had ambitiously landed a two-room apartment near University Place, a very sweet little flat with a fireplace and all, in a neighborhood which you can only designate as white. What landlord, you ask, would lease such a swell joint to any long-haired freelance pop-journal scrivener, be he ever so flush with gelt this particular season?

No way; Jose. I was *subletting* the pad from one Gabrielle Schang, an exceedingly white young piece of West Side Landed Gentry who had scored the place herself, and shared it till recently with her best prep-school friend from Rye, a sometimes *inamorata* of mine. Six months or so before this I had, God forgive me, introduced these two fresh-out-of-prep-school young rich bints around among the East Village artsy-litsy-dopsy-Yipsy scene. Forcade, amongst many others, took an instant supernova *shine* to this Gabrielle, and the glow was never to fade a single kilowatt as long as the poor obsessive jackass was alive.



From HIGH TIMES Magazine

This is how bad it was for him. Gabrielle and her chum, see, had abruptly resolved to just abandon New York for the West Coast; drop overnight whatever complicated arrangements, romantic and otherwise, they were into, and start a whole new heartbreaking binge around the Bay Area. So they gave their nice place to avuncular

old laid-back Deano—more a cuddler than a stud, all my life—and skied away quick as you could say "MasterCharge."

They didn't even take their *clothes*, just their teddy bears and prep-school albums and other sentimental adolescent trivia. So it was that when Forcade came barging in a week later, there I was in a place with her B. Altman's clothes in the closet, her authentic Spanish guitar on the bed, and even her snazzy leather fleece-lined Korean War flight jacket on my back (I'd been getting ready to go out).

I mean, he *barged* in. He blammed on the door like a fucking cop, and when I slipped the bolt he charged right past like a narc into a cocaine cut house. "Where is she?"

"Gabrielle? She's out West, Tom. She and Kathy both just up and—"

"Where is she, Latimer?" Dear God, he was rooting through the place *exactly* like a narc, looting the closets, lifting up the bed, looking into her beautiful expensive Spanish guitar...

"She's in California, Tom. California. You go to fucking New Jersey and bear west-southwest for about two thousand miles..."

He grabbed me. By both fleece-lined lapels of her jacket, straight out of a late-night Ronald Reagan movie. At least he didn't shake me, though he was shaking *amain* himself. "I want you to tell her," he said with infinitely *honest* grief and reproach in his voice: "I just want you to tell Gabrielle that when she needed me, I was always there."

"Whatever you say, man." And he was gone. No swirl this time.



Although I never bothered to relay this anguished romantic tidbit to the lady (before

now), I daresay that in the fullness of time she set his poor mind at ease on this *j'accuse* issue, me in her place with her clothes and all. Though Gabrielle may, for anything I know to the contrary, have discussed Bolivian politics with every *other* counterculture scrivener who got his byline in places like the *National Lampoon* around that time, there has never been the faintest hemidemisemiquaver of psychobiological flux 'twixt the two of us. We've been pals, sure; but I don't glow all over skinny little Wasp blondies for some reason, and I know she prefers men who take baths and have a reasonable assortment of visible teeth in their mouths.

So sure, if she may never have been quite so nuts for Forcade as he for her—that speaks *well* for Gabrielle, man. He was nuts out of his flaming gourd, as this very atypical episode demonstrates.

If you had a few tons of Santa Marta gold to dispose of, would you have *any* time for a natural-born wig like this Forcade, anywhere along the pipe? This is how I'm fairly confident that, contrary to popular post-mortem *roman de la rose*, my boss and old buddy Thomas King Forcade was never a heavyweight dealer in any substance more controlled than bullshit.

PREMIERE ISSUE
COLLECTOR'S EDITION

High Times

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Hemp Paper Reconsidered
Florida Justice & 9 Tons
Leary's Ultimate Trip
Marijuana: Wonder Drug
A Lady Dealer Talks
Market Quotations



As Tom clearly put it to more people than me alone, the first 1974 issue of HIGH TIMES was supposed to be a joke, a lark, a one-shot spitball into the eye of Spiro Agnew's Silent Majority. (Remember that Majority, ye over-30s?) It was to be *Playboy's* sexual materialism lampooned in terms of dope materialism. Pornographic studies of red Leb slabs shot through Vaseline-smeared lenses, dead serious consumer pieces on state-of-the-art smuggling craft and high-tech head gear, and the white lady in the center-fold—well hell, we *all* knew what White Lady meant up north of 125th Street, Jack.

But those white folks out there in Darkest
continued on page 66

Jim Buckley/Screw Magazine, Dec. 1970

Into the Nightlife

by John Lombardi

Heroin has become Mass Hip. Like black leather pants and imported French cigarettes, it confers a special status to its user. With an armful of tracks underneath a Giorgio Armani sports jacket, this year's junkie is no sleazy social leper—he's suddenly fashionable.



photos by Richard Brummett

... the decision is to encourage the psychopath in oneself, to explore that domain of experience where society is boredom and therefore sickness, and one exists in the present... one is Hip or one is Square...

—Norman Mailer, "The White Negro"

Two-Times, festive in a Salvation Army Santa beard and a red Phillies baseball cap, has the floor:

"How about *dat*, subway peeples! My man may be rolling downtown on *yo choo-choo*, but he be riding on a throne of blood!"

Two-Times's man, Buddy, is an ex-NYU student, a nice Italian kid from Bayside, Queens, who, unfortunately, turned the wrong corner one day and smacked into the nightlife. Now he's shakily holding his Bic under a spoon of skag, cooking up for the edification of a carful of "four o'clock specials" as Two-Times calls them, "folks who does their jobs so good they can leave early evry day, git home to they Tee Vee dinnah!"

Buddy, who is about 5'10", 19 years old, with a Mink DeVille haircut, draws his smack up into a disposable, plastic

diabetic's syringe and squirts a little bit into the air, like a "General Hospital" intern, for laughs. He's got a web belt with the buckle cut off wrapped around his left arm, just above the elbow, and he's gripping the long end in his teeth. Buddy looks at Two-Times for encouragement, then sweeps the car with a shit-eating grin. There are only nine passengers in the car and the lights keep flickering on and off. Nobody moves or says anything.

"Hit it!" Two-Times commands. "Great God, don't miss it!"

Buddy hits himself. His face flushes as he watches his rosy flower of blood climb into the syringe, mixing with water, heroin, speed and quinine. For a millisecond his eyes glaze, and since his nose is running slightly, Two-Times whips off his Phillies cap and solicitously wipes it for him. Then Two-Times begins moving down the subway car, doing a little rap dance and holding his hat out for contributions. He stops before a horrified businessman, who has been cowering behind his *Daily News*.

"Whoa, bro! There ain't no need to be

fearful! Think of us as da *hip* Salvation Army! We savin' ourselves from bein' unhappy! And we savin' you from bein' mugged! *Pleeze* help the needy!"

The businessman digs into his coat and comes up with some crumpled bills and change. He drops them quickly into the Phillies cap. He seems fascinated by a Desenex ad across the aisle.

Two-Times shuffles over to a pretty Puerto Rican girl. She crosses her legs, then uncrosses them. His eyes are pinned.

"Good *day*, *chica*. How's your boy treatin' ya? Your *chocha* gettin' everything it need?"

The girl looks away angrily.

"You don't dig Two-Times, baby? You know why they call me Two-Times, *doncha*?"

She won't look at him.

Two-Times glances over at Buddy, who has now jerked his arm upright and is tightening and loosening the belt with his teeth, working the needle with his free hand, playing with his high by controlling the volume of smack: tighter, less; looser, more.

"Hey man, don't be booting too long! We gettin' off at the next stop!"

Buddy looks around happily:

"I don't like the sound the train makes when it's comin' into the Astor Place, man. It sounds like it's goin' *getbackgetbackgetbackaaaaah!*"

Two-Times frowns:

"Have a word with the young lady, bro. You prettier than Two-Times. Maybe she respond mo' positively to yo ass."

Buddy starts giggling: "Wait. Wait a minute. Wait two minutes..."

Two-Times shakes his head and moseys up the car. He stops before a matronly black lady.

"Hey, Mommy, ain't this too bad? Young man don't know how to conduct hisself. He be worryin' about his own pleasure, and leavin' that pretty young lady by her lonesome."

"You should be ashamed," the woman says stiffly.

Two-Times jumps back. He waves his arms in mock outrage: "Ooooh! *Ashamed!* Mommy you should be ashamed. We *bein'* gennelmens! We tryin' to git over, just like you! We ain't doin' no Idi Amin jive, no boom-boom tricks! We askin' nice! We ain't

usin' force! I'm a *vet-ran*, Mommy!" Two-Times's eyes roll back dangerously. He thrusts his cap at the woman.

She opens her purse, starts fiddling with change.

"I don't *want* nothin' that jingles, Mommy. Now be nice. Don't make old Two-Times mean."

The black woman's indignation is deserting her. She looks up fearfully, then down at her purse. Her lips start to tremble.

"*Pleeze*, Mommy. We need yo contribution. It's too cold to be wanderin' in the street, and the damned subway make my head hurt."

The woman stares at the floor, but drops a little roll of ones into Two-Times's cap.

"Merry Christmas to you Mommy," Two-

eggs. Since his Ominous Santa act on the downtown local, Two-Times has stashed Buddy, who he uses as a kind of shill, in a female fan's apartment, and moved a quarter ounce of blow, in grams, for \$700. He's also sold 16 bags of heroin at \$10 a pop, and a fistful of ludes at \$5 apiece. Gross: \$885; net: about \$600, since the cut costs some change and since—because he was high—Two-Times didn't cut his stash enough. "Shoulda had \$700 outa that shit. Didn't know fo' of the motherfuckers that copped from me today. Coulda gim them a *dollah* of shit in they ten *dollah* bag. . . ." Two-Times sops the yellow yolk on his plate up with burnt whole-wheat toast and pops it into his mouth. He flicks the corners of his lips delicately with his pink tongue, dramatic

"White folks only been doin' drugs ten, twelve years. It takes time to git acquainted."



Times says sincerely. "I be buyin' some methadone with this. I'm cleanin' up for the holidays."

The subway jolts into Bleeker Street. The doors crash open. Buddy is behind Two-Times but nobody else moves.

"When the train comes into the Bleeker Street, it sounds like *tryforittryforittryforit-aaah*," Buddy says.

Two-Times addresses the car: "Sorry we couldn't get to y'all. Maybe next time. Now y'all just stay put and get off at the *next* stop, okay?" Buddy is already off the train, sprinting for the turnstiles. Two-Times backs onto the platform.

"This was better than Tee Vee dinnah now, wasn't it peeples?" Two-Times's good humor is returning. "Merry Christmas to y'all!"

He's off, and the door starts to close, but Two-Times suddenly bangs it with his fist, making the door fly open again. The train quivers and sighs.

Two-Times jumps back on, grinning and holding the door.

"I just wanted to get a good *look* at y'all. . . ." He stares at both rows of passengers, and, wordlessly, they stare back.

"Okay." He steps back off. The door slams, opens, slams again.

Two-Times waves good-bye.

Four hours later, at the Eagle Restaurant on 14th Street, Two-Times is wolfing some

against his dark skin and white teeth: "Orange juice, my man, big one!" Two-Times booms. "My business, you got to stay healthy."

Two-Times lives "uptown" and rides the Lexington Avenue local almost every day, coming to work his Lower East Side/SoHo/Tribeca territory like a job. He's nicknamed his territory "the White Triangle"—"thass one of *several* habits I picked up in 'Nam." Two-Times operates "on the street," rain or shine, cold or heat, an urban country doctor, a modern medicine man. He has a regular clientele of about 60 druggies, whom he visits in two-week cycles, making four to five stops a night; often, Two-Times's clients arrange for friends to buy during one of his visits, or they'll buy for friends, so that Two-Times's volume varies; he won't even make a "stop" for less than two bags anymore, a \$20 gross. Of that, with the heroin cut to 3 percent per bag, he nets about \$16, but since all dope pushers work on account, their suppliers providing drugs against future payment, he's always in debt anyway, the name of the dealing game: "Hook your pusher if you can, push him if you can't," is the way they put it in Jackson Heights, where Two-Times fuels up.

On an average night's gross of \$400, Two-Times keeps \$150; if he has an unusual day, like this Bad Santa thing, he'll go to \$400 or as high as \$1600, and keep half; but that's rare. Walking toward Sixth Avenue in his

rap dance lockstep, Two-Times is complaining: "Most of these peeples don't know what's goin' on. White folks only been doin' drugs ten, twelve years. It takes time to git acquainted. . . ." So they ran through everything too fast—started out with a little weed, thought that was wonderful; did some mescaline, some peyote, thought that was wonderful, too; LSD, THC, STP—hallelujah!; amphetamine, cocaine—Jesus is coming Tuesday night! . . . "All this time they're growin' they hair, wearin' funny clothes, shakin' they ass, talkin' like niggahs"—Two-Times's face looks like it did on the train, toward the end of the ride—"Kennedy been dead a long time, and he the only one was a *man*; then his little brothah die; de Lawd [King] die; the Vietcong win; the Democrats too fat to fight; Nixon come through. . . he *like* to fight, but he spend too much time counter-punchin', and that only work when there's somebody hittin' you. . . ."

Meanwhile, the long-haired white kids were getting trims. In New York, they abandoned the West Village to the gays and tunnel tourists and either moved deeper into the East Village, SoHo, Tribeca or Brooklyn, or uptown, paying more attention to their careers, no longer trusting their blow dryers and jeans, or *Rolling Stone*; many of the best of them died, for the worst of reasons; many of the worst thrived, as always; then, for the first time, those who were left began to get a glimpse of the real nightlife—they weren't kids anymore—a major jolt for a baby-boom generation awed by its own sheer numbers, and raised on abstractions: movies, TV, radio, records, ads, credit cards, cars—all selling Mass Hip and Eternal Youth; suddenly, nobody was buying their recorded whimsies, their well-meaning but anemic dreams—every man an artist/revolutionary! a prime-time Rimbaud!—or trying to make sense of their mumbled vagaries that always put problems off till later, man, while demanding freedom to orgasm now. . . soon, beating Detroit by a couple of years, the record industry—which was footing most of the bill for the Kid Culture/Mass Hip commercial, a simultaneous exploiter/victim—began erecting executive sliding boards with the high ends on its own top floors, the low ends back in Levittown, Pasadena and the Bronx. . . then somebody noticed that Paul McCartney was starting to resemble Margaret Thatcher, that Bob Dylan was Frank Sinatra, that Keith was having his blood changed in Switzerland again, that, all things considered, Lennon's death had probably been a wise career move. . . later had come at last.

Could heroin be far behind?

When Two-Times cuts junk, he does it in front of the customer. There are two reasons why: One, he decided long ago that it was too dangerous to work out of an apartment, or a number of apartments, or out of a "club," an abandoned building where the

junkies and chippers line up like shoppers at the ten-items-or-less line—so her operates like a peddler, carrying everything with him; thus, he can't take orders in advance; two, he *likes* to cut in front of customers; it gives him a sense of power; he's able to distract them with his hip rap while doing a razzle-dazzle with his hands, a chemical shell game—look, we all know the shit is cut, so I do it right in your face, so you can see I'm not hurtin' you bad. . . plus, he's given them a taste of the real shit while all this is going on, a sniff usually, but sometimes a "dragon," smack and blow cooked up on a little tinfoil and smoked through a straw, sometimes a real pop if he knows everyone and feels comfortable. . . then he starts telling stories: white nurse at Mt. Sinai who likes spades, cops Dilaudid and Demerol for him but will only party on ether and coke; the time he shot Jimi up in John Phillips's room at the Chelsea and Jimi almost OD'd because he'd been cleaned up for a month and overestimated his tolerance; the way the Mafs blew 11 people away in a new "club" the Jackson Heights latinos were trying to open on Charlton Street on the West Side, which is off the reservation according to the treaty they'd worked out with the Mafs at the end of the cocaine wars of the early '70s. . . all this while Two-Times is cutting the customer's smack. He uses quinine, speed, procaine, baking soda, white sugar, brown sugar (for Mexican dope), aspirin, inositol, lidocaine, borax, or, if he doesn't know you or like you, Ajax. If he's in a playful mood, Two-Times will even jive you, don't use a lot of this shit, it's *ten* percent, this is the real deal Neal, this ain't no booshit "girl," this'll make your planets twirl. . . and, if you're lucky, you get your 3 percent.

If it were possible to study the origins of hip—the second half of the 20th century's pathetic answer to mass ennui, neurosis and psychosis—if you could learn it the way you can learn psychiatry, or if you could just pick hip up, shake it like a kaleidoscope and hold it to your eye, classic junkie images would keep falling together, psychic peep shows illuminating the catacombs of popular culture. . . Herbert Huncke, the man who turned the beats on, crawling under a dirty blanket in a drag queen's 10th Street crash pad; Allen Ginsberg, the Howard Cosell of hip, poking himself in the ass while fondling a little Bedouin in Tangier; Hubert Selby, waving scabby arms and making funny noises to himself at the last exit to Brooklyn; Lenny Bruce, the King of Sick Humor, and Sonny Liston, the creator of Muhammad Ali, dead of junk on the bathroom floor. . .

In 1982, after 20 years of Mass Hip, things aren't so easy to focus. To watch the sun come up on the avenues of New York's Lower East Side, where all the downtown junk "clubs" have gone now that they've closed Eldridge Street and Chrystie Street, heroin's financial district, is to watch another race evolve, Mass Hip's second coming,

undramatic, unfunny, a zulu dawn of the commonplace, a sexless kind of tragedy.

Here comes David, checking into La Tuna's club at 3rd and D at 10 A.M. on the first Saturday of the new year. He's getting high already, off the fear rush. There's a fat guy in jeans and clean sneakers in the middle of the street near a utility truck, who doesn't work for Con Ed. Fatso's fooling around with some copper tubing, but he keeps checking out the roofs, and he's got that *oink-oink* look around the eyes, like a man trying to see up a dress. Two young Latinos dancing in the cold in front of the ghost of an old tenement signal David that it's cool. He nods at them and starts up the stairs.

There are candles stuck on the banister at

nience of the customers, who are lined up, shuffling, saying nothing and trying hard to see nothing. It's for the watchers, wherever they are. The watchers need to see.

Ahead of David are a fortyish white man wearing a suburban car coat and a fake fur hat with flaps; a young Negro white-collar type; and a tiny, ageless woman in a babushka; behind him are two kids in black jeans and bomber jackets.

Car coat gets to the end of the hall and squats down, facing the closed door on his left; the door on his right is partially open, revealing an empty room; he whispers to the closed door and slides some folded bills under it; in a few seconds, six small glassine "collars," junkie envelopes of heroin, are pushed back out; the man snatches them



Two-Times cuts smack with quinine, speed, procaine, inositol, aspirin, or, if he doesn't like you, Ajax.

every landing to help you avoid the holes in the rotten steps. People are rushing up and down with the contained urgency of commuters. On the second floor some disembodied voices call from the dark toward the back of the hall that they've got "mean green" for sale, better than what's upstairs, but David wants "Black Mark," he had some yesterday and if it's the same it's good shit. . . anyway, he doesn't know these "mean green" guys, and one of the first rules of copping dope is to go with people you know. . . entering a club is like jumping into Vietnam: all the rules are off; out back, on the rubble beneath the second floor rear hall window, is a mattress; if official corruption breaks down and the narcs bust in, or if some crazy dude from another outfit tries to take La Tuna off, the idea is to jump out the window, hit the mattress running and pray that your ankles hold. . .

There are armed spotters throughout the building and on the roof; on the landing between the second and third floors, one of them, not recognizing David, asks to see his tracks. David just slaps himself on the ass, meaning that's where he shoots, and the spotter waves him on. The object, in a club, is to move it—there's no time for people to drop their pants.

The third-floor hallway has a little more light. La Tuna has rigged up a couple of bulbs and hung rags over them toward the street end, but this is not for the conve-

up, stands, his joints cracking, and hurries past the line, his head down. The white-collar Negro is next. He crouches, carefully folding the hem of his Burberry raincoat above his thighs so as not to dirty it, and slides a \$20 bill under the door. Two bags come back. The Negro kisses them, straightens, and heads for the stairs, his eyes averted. The babushka lady is next. She scurries to the door and gets down on her hands and knees, speaking rapidly in Spanish and sliding some money under the door. A bag comes back. The woman sputters angrily and knocks on the closed door. Nothing happens. She reaches quickly into her coat and comes up with a curve-handled knife. She yells at the door and clicks the blade open, still on her knees. A tall Latino in a ski hat appears from the room on the right, speaking in a we-can-work-it-out tone:

"Qué pasa, mamacita?"

She bangs away in Spanish, very angry. He nods, holds up a hand, knocks on the closed door. It opens slightly and he speaks urgently. The door closes. Then: *"No más! No más por ella!"* The tall Latino stands in front of the door like a crucified Christ:

"I'm sorry, Mommy, they won't go for it. You go get another ten, we be here all day. We save you a special one." His eyes are deep with sympathy.

The woman stands, her skag in one hand, her Blood Wedding knife in the other. Suddenly she slashes at one of the rag-covered

bulbs hanging on the wall. She laughs in a screechy voice, looks around in a macho way, and scurries toward the stairs.

"Jesus Christ!" David breathes.

"Loca!" laughs the tall Latino, shaking his head, but his hand is in his pocket. He steps back into the room on the right.

"*Todas de Nicaragua son maladies!*"

"Sandinistas!" says a voice beyond the wall. Whoever's back there breaks up.

David squats down and slides a twenty under the door.

Two bags come back. He stuffs them in his pocket, next to the works, and heads for the stairs.

"Ten!" says one of the leather jackets triumphantly.

"Two!" says the other one.

Lacoste polo shirt and is puffed like the lips of a vagina. David cooks up, loads and hits. His blue eyes glitter sexually for an instant, then relax. He seems calmer and happier, but otherwise shows no effects. He goes into the bathroom to wash off the blood:

"See how clean that is? You don't have to have tracks. That's just being piggish, rooting around in your arm. And real junkies don't nod out. It's disgusting. . ."

Access has a lot to do with whether somebody does or doesn't become a junkie—if all the bored teenage beer hippies in Youngstown, Ohio, could cop, they might—and one of the real features of David's place is that he's so close to his sources of supply: A couple of blocks away at 13th and B there's a "drive-in" operation that everyone

thing else, you go by the color of the tape on the bag. . . 8th and D is also good for "specials" for students or real chippers, little bags of mixed blow and skag for \$5, just enough to get you off in a music scene or a sex scene. . .

There are legendary dealers who can be counted on for 8 percent smack scores on the Lower East Side, but they're almost as rare as "puro" itself. There are also a number of wholesalers that you hear about in whispers: a young guy on Central Park West who cops for X and Z, the big sex symbol rock stars of the moment, who are supposed to have cleaned up; a Puerto Rican elementary-school principal who works out of her uptown office. These people don't want to know street dealers like Two-Times or users like David; they buy direct from the importers and sell in large amounts to a dozen middlemen and that's it, except for the occasional status customer: "Some of them are completely straight in the sense that they don't use and aren't even tempted," David says, "and that's the only way to make money out of the heroin scene. The club we were in will gross \$5,000, \$6,000 a day, and that's \$150, \$200 apiece for all those workers, but I've seen so many beautiful young guys, like the ones who work for La Tuna, start off looking fine and in six months turn into old men. . ."

There's the famous story of the young actor in writer Miguel Piñero's circle who was so pretty he played roles that verged on fem in a number of movies and plays about New York street life, even though he was married and had kids; couldn't handle all the attention he was getting, started sniffing junk, then shooting. Now he's a famous burnout, a drag-queen hooker who weighs 105 pounds and can be found in any weather patrolling the Upper West Side. . . "His customers only wanna fuck him because they remember him in the movies as a 'girl,'" David says. "So he dresses like a girl."

This nexus of junk and sex, particularly homosexual sex, leads into some murky water. William Burroughs, Herbert Huncke, Allen Ginsberg, Neal Cassady, Miguel Piñero—many of the junkie avatars of hip—were also gay or bisexual. Media stars like Lou Reed, David Bowie, the Stones and even, briefly, Bob Dylan, whose popularity and income depended on their ability to sense and exploit cult trends, minority fantasies that could be mass-marketed, all adopted gay/junkie trappings, because here were mysteries no one white and middle class knew about—if you took these avenues of escape, they might lead to the truly dangerous, fabulous and antiheroic ideals the dead Kennedy generation had come to cherish in the way their fathers cherished Marine Corps fighter pilots and Boston Red Sox catchers. . . Reed and a couple of Stones actually got hooked.

David, who is friendly with Huncke and who writes for some of the "little" maga-

continued on page 83

"When you're high it's so warm. . . it's like a blow job."



David lives in a renovated East Village brownstone, which he shares with two Abyssinian cats. He cooks at a posh "French" bistro three nights a week, relieving the owner-chef, and more than makes his rent. He's got a \$1,000 Peugeot bike, two Leicas with an almost complete set of lenses, a stainless steel Rolex, an Armani overcoat and a three-bag-a-day habit, which David doesn't take seriously:

"The dope's so bad, you don't even get that sick anymore," he says, eating carrot cake. "Anyway, I've got insurance." He jumps up and leads the way into his tiny kitchen. He snaps the refrigerator door open and takes out an opaque plastic container with about four ounces of orangy liquid in it: "Methadone, enough to get me off dope and feel no pain. I'm cleaning up next weekend." David clicks the door closed, returns to the living room. There is something too precise in his movements and clipped speech. He rushes to say and do things, as if he expects to be interrupted, then takes deep breaths, like a pothead holding the smoke in. He can't sit still, and he's as thin as it gets. "How's your stomach?" he asks suddenly.

David reaches for his field jacket. He retrieves the works and dope. He pulls off his sweater, revealing a swollen maroon wound on the inside of his left arm, at the elbow. It's exactly the color of the alligator on his

says is "reliable," and where the coke is better than average. Uptown types and West Siders will taxi over and cop right from the window. The Spanish dudes have their shit taped around the inside rims of garbage cans and oil drums. Your cab stops, you give one of the salesmen the nod, he strolls over, takes your order, returns; you give him the cash and you're gone; it's like a hip Bob's Big Boy: "Some of them will even let you taste," David says, but you never know who might get pissed off and tell you what a pussy-white-motherfucker you are, who ought to shoot some strychnine and leave the world a little more righteous dope for the brothers and sisters to get high on. "If you don't get scared by verbal abuse, though, it's cool."

There's a pill factory up at Union Square where you can cop 'ludes, speed, Nembutal, Seconal, Tuinal and something new called "monster soup," which seems to be Benadryl, coke and speed, with sometimes a little angel dust sprinkled in for sparkler. . . there's a lot of street action at 8th and D, guys standing around with every imaginable kind of shit for sale, all the "tapes": "red and blue," "black and blue," "Rivington," "black Sunday," "Dr. Nova," "BT-82," "the Wiz." Some of this "tape" smack is named after the organization that sells it, some not, like La Tuna was a Clinton Street social club, but you can't buy "La Tuna" smack—they sell "black mark," or some-



Props supplied by Empire Blues

Personal Effects



THE LAST INHALERS OF THE TOXIC FUMES



You can't get No Satisfaction?

CONSIDER THIS SCENARIO OF HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE: AN ELEGANTLY dressed woman—a Jaclyn Smith look-alike, say—asks, in a husky voice, if you'd like to come over for, um, sherry. Once in her apartment, you trade meaningful looks and discuss knowledgeably the intricacies of maintaining a Porsche until such time as she leans over, nibbles gently on your ear and suggests retiring to the bedroom. There she eagerly initiates fellatio and responds to your every touch with unfaked multiple orgasms.

Ah, yes, the fantasy of the liberated woman. In reality, the lady is much more likely to act like this: She calls you up to invite you for dinner, making jokes about "these liberated times." She not so jokingly admits that she doesn't know how to cook, so you, flattered, invite her out to dinner. Although it was originally her invitation, you end up paying the bill. (She wouldn't want to "hurt your ego" by offering to split it.) In her apartment, she may "accidentally" brush by you with her breast, but she's really waiting for you to initiate the first kiss. Sure, the "liberated" woman is more likely to want to go to bed with you these days, but once there, mark my words, what she really wants is for you to take over, sweep her off her feet and make incredible love to her, somehow knowing in advance that she only has orgasms on all fours with the aid of a Hitachi vibrator.

Both of these scenarios have a number of variations, but the essential truth is still the same: The truly liberated woman is mostly a figment of the collective media's imagination, not to mention your own. I know what I'm talking about here, because I've been playing the "liberated" game for years, and only recently have I come to see that what's really involved goes much deeper than such concepts as free love, splitting the check and sharing the chores.

I now realize that I've only been willing to be as liberated as it has been convenient for me to be, and nowhere is this more true than in the bedroom. You may know a woman like me; you may even be living with one right now. What I have to say here will hopefully give you some insight into the paradox of the liberated lady's libido.

I'm going to assume here that you, the reader, are an intelligent, sexually active and essentially fair individual, who looks favorably on the basic tenets of women's lib. Recent Gallup polls show that a majority of American men do believe that a more equal sharing of financial and sexual responsibilities has inherent benefits for both sexes. In fact, what I see happening is that as more men become liberated themselves, more women are fleeing back into the security of pedestals and feminine wiles. This is because freedom is essentially a very scary proposition, something Gloria Steinem forgot to tell us, but men have known for some time now.

More and more, I'm hearing men say, "Hey, maybe it took me a couple of years to see that this women's lib stuff was really a good idea, but now I can't seem to find any women who are willing to act the way they talk." A man in the recently released *Hite Report on Male Sexuality* echoes this thought when he says, "Yes, I usually take the initial sexual advance . . . and every other advance after that . . . and I'm damned tired of it. It's no wonder we grow up to think of

by Sharon O'Hara



*A
sympathetic
feminist
talks
to men about*

S-E-X



Photograph by Virginia Liberatore. Dress and crinoline from Patricia Fields; hair by Larry Matarese; makeup by Lisa Rosen-Nares.

women as objects, because that's exactly what many women act like."

Let me tell you, I took exception to that remark when I first read it. "That guy must live in some Podunk-y town in the South or rural Midwest," I said to myself, and then to my best friend, Kay. "Why, I ask guys out all the time," I said. "I've even asked strangers to dance with me in discos." One reason I like Kay is that she's so bloody honest. But I wasn't real happy when she replied, "Oh, come on, Sharon. When was the last time you took a guy out *without* using your expense account? It's not the same thing when your employer is paying, you know."

I had to agree, and I couldn't think of even one occasion when I'd actually treated a man to dinner out of my own pocket. "And as I recall the disco scene," Kay went on relentlessly, "isn't it true that your boldness only lasted as long as it took for some guy to say, 'Sorry, I don't dance'?"

"Oh, God, don't remind me of that," I said, remembering the sudden angst of rejection. Any kind of turn-down experience between men and women is ultimately felt as sexual rejection, and on the average, we women have had to deal with that particular emotional chasm much less often than men. You guys are the askers; we're the choosers. Of course, it's not really that simple. The female side of the courtship dance involves flirting around to interest a variety of possible partners. And most men, knowing they're eventually expected to lead the dance, usually try to find out in advance if the lady involved is willing to follow.

According to Shere Hite, more and more men are tired of the same old waltz. And pogoing with the punk rock crowd only changes the motions, not the dynamics of who picks whom. It doesn't matter if a girl has purple hair and sequined eyebrows or is militantly opposed to any makeup at all—when it comes to seduction, the female always wants to be courted. And once in bed, she wants to be made love to.

Moreover, as much as we'd like to know which touches will turn on our husbands and lovers, we're not terribly willing to indulge in activities we think might be "insulting to women," and anything we don't particularly like, whether from reasons of embarrassment or fear, can be so described. It might be an activity as common as fellatio or something as Victorian as dressing up in a corset. Any woman with even a smidgen of feminist rhetoric can think up a number of righteous reasons why various sex practices she personally dislikes are "antifemale," even though *your* motive may be loving/erotic. Of course, if the only way you can get off is by tying her to the bed in an imitation of the Marquis de Sade—well then, she might be right.

Men, though, don't have such excuses. It's damned unfair, even if I do hate to admit it. A man can say, "Sorry, cunnilingus just isn't my thing," but he can't say it righteously, know what I mean? Any qualms a man has about certain sex practices immediately

brands him as a poor sport, an uptight chauvinist or a plain old bad lover.

Originally, the motivating factor behind the liberation movement was the desire for choice: a choice as to different careers, a choice of whether to have babies or not, and freedom from standardized sex roles in all areas of life.

Trouble is, some of us "forgot" to accord these same freedoms to men. We women can go out and nail down a career or stay home and take care of the children, or change jobs midstream and go back to school—all permissible things for women to do these days. It's a lot harder for a man to keep his self-esteem and play the role of house-husband—that's just a fact of life.

It's harder for men to have choice—and not to be branded for it—in the sexual arena. A woman can make love to another woman at swinging parties or in impromptu threesomes, and she's not automatically labeled a lesbian. She's just experimenting, right? But if, at the same party, a man happens to touch another man's penis, it's an entirely different matter. He must have homosexual tendencies. And if he should like the sensation, God forbid, then for sure he's one of *those*.

In bed, almost all the performance anxiety falls on the man. A woman can just squirm around and moan convincingly and she's considered at least a decent lay. A man not only has to keep his erection—sometimes through multiple orgasms—he's also supposed to know more about the clitoris than most women.

Once, in one of my experimenting moods, I decided to check out a female friend's anatomy. And you know what? Even knowing what I was looking for didn't make it any easier to find. Since then I've read that the clitoris varies in size and position from woman to woman to a sometimes extraordinary degree. I began to have a lot more sympathy for what I'd previously thought were merely inept male lovers.

I'm also beginning to understand why, after a few years, many men are starting to see sex more as a job than a joy. A man is supposed to be always ready for sex, and he's generally in charge of the seduction, first kiss and final orgasm. If a man were to lie in bed night after night and say to his wife with flirtatious glances, "Okay, honey—do me," it's likely the women would tire of that role, but quick. Yet I've known many men who think that *making love* to their wives or girl friends is essentially what sex is all about. With one exception, all of my women friends in live-in relationships complain of the same thing when it comes to their sex lives: Their lovers just don't have the desire they used to. It almost seems as if the more a woman gets to know her own body and how to find true sexual satisfaction, the less her mate is interested in making love. And this is especially true in the more "liberated" households I'm familiar with.

My friend Kay has been living with her current lover, Michael, for the last three years. Michael is a modern woman's dream—sensitive, faithful, charming, intelligent, an Alan Alda look-alike. He wants to make love, oh, maybe once a month these days. Kay says it was once a day the first three months and it's been slowly going downhill ever since. Not that their sex—when they do have it—isn't terrific, it's just that he's tired a lot, or involved in other things. She knows it's not another woman. He's a little concerned, but he's not about to fake erotic sensations he just doesn't feel.

Psychiatrists now call Michael's problem the ISD syndrome, for *insufficient sexual desire*. The disease is almost as rampant as herpes, to judge from the rising barrage of professional literature on the subject. In the popular press, women's lib is the most frequent target of blame. "The poor guy's been emasculated—a man just can't be a man anymore," chorus the neo-conservatives, who would have us all go back to the sexual standards of the '50s.

The worst thing we could do is to continue to blame one another for sexual misdeeds, past and present. The fact is, whenever you have two people in a maladjusted sexual relationship, both partners have to readjust. What's maladjusted about many of us in the '80s is that we've taken out most of the macho fun of sex, but we haven't replaced it with anything much better.

I'm not sorry to see the old stuff go, with its emphasis on scoring, the double standard and keeping women in their place as pure sexual objects. You men *have* gotten a lot more sensitive to women's feelings; over 70 percent of you care deeply about providing your lovers with sexual satisfaction (according to the authors of *Beyond the Male Myth*), and that's just the problem: Both men and woman still see sex as something the man provides. He gives the woman her orgasm; he takes pleasure for himself. He always seems to be in control, or responsible somehow, whatever the outcome of the experience. What an awesome responsibility! No wonder so many of you guys get tired after the thrill of the chase has been won.

The problem, as I see it, is this: In every other aspect of their lives together, men and women are striving to be more equal. Women want their careers to be as important as men's; they want choice as to childbearing; they want shared responsibilities around the house. Men want freedom from sole financial responsibility and they want to be freer to express their emotions. Both sexes say they want more honest sexual communication, but neither sex seems to have the foggiest notion of what to do with it once they have it.

Women have supposedly been coming clean about faked orgasms and their fondness for cunnilingus, vibrators, shared sexual fantasies and other sexual techniques and ideas. And a few lib-

erated ladies have done just that. Most of the rest of us are too embarrassed to drag out a Prelude 3, so we make joking references to the first *Hite Report* (on female sexuality) and hope the guy gets the message (namely, "Please don't forget to touch my clitoris"). But how the hell is he supposed to know *how* to touch it? Hard? Soft? On top? To the side? With his tongue? With his toe? As I said before, it's not easy finding out the answers to these questions, because more often than not, the lady herself doesn't even know.

But let's say that you've gotten over that hurdle, have figured out how to turn each other on and how to get each other off. From now on, sex is gonna be fantastic, right? Well, maybe for a few weeks, maybe for a few months, but sooner or later, more often than not, it gets to be a little... boring. It gets to feel like just another job. Your nighttime job, which can be pretty exhausting, after all the energy expended on the daytime one.

What I think it all comes down to has to do with sexual domination and submission and our misunderstanding of those terms. Men have traditionally been dominant in bed, which used to mean that they got to do pretty much as they pleased. The woman existed to give them pleasure, and if she got anything out of it, she was just plain lucky. Now we women are insisting on our right to have a say in bedroom activities, but our idea of dominance is rarely to stand over a guy with whips and chains; no, our usual wish is to put the guy back in charge but with the sole idea of pleasing us. It's a real bind. He no longer gets any of the pleasure of dominating, only the responsibility.

Just about any sex researcher in the country will tell you that optimum pleasure comes with the total release of sexual tension. It's the ultimate submission. It's that feeling of swept-awayness, of letting go, of not having to think about anything, of becoming pure sensation. When I'm experiencing orgasm, I certainly don't want to have to worry about whether my lover is having one, too, or whether I've come too soon or not soon enough. Those are not thoughts conducive to letting go. Yet we women often seem to expect men to be thinking of such things.

Why is it that so many men feel empty after orgasm and a woman feels so full? There are few nerve endings in the vagina; she can't really feel the deposit of semen within her. What fills her up is that implosion of sensation that spreads in ripples throughout her body. If you can imagine orgasm as an electrical charge, then a man experiences his climax as a bolt of lightning that shoots through his body out into the universe. The energy leaves him. A woman experiences orgasm as a sensation of energy flowing in. Her momentary paralysis is that of a person who has stuck her finger in an electric socket. The energy flows in and stays, humming, then dissipates.

Men have been conditioned to believe

that sexual release is something that always explodes outwards, as is reflected by their ejaculation shooting out. A man is taught to see sexual release as something he *takes*, something he takes for himself, usually *from* a woman. Movement is always indicated. Rare is the man who can be still and keep his erection. Yet a woman can lie perfectly still and feel her arousal build and build. Often, it is at the moment of orgasm that a woman lies stillest. And that is because with her orgasm she goes deep within herself. Women often experience a sensation of falling, or of the earth crumbling in on itself.

It is not an uncommon experience for a man to feel somehow left out of his lover's orgasmic experience. Michael told me once, confidentially, that Kay seemed to go away to some almost-mystical place during climax. He, like many men, has never been able to see her orgasm as an invitation to him to come inside and share her. More often than not, he's watching her response to see how good a lover he is.

Likewise, if a man is *taking* an orgasm from a woman, it's not likely that he—or she, either—will consider the possibility of her coming along with him on his flight outward.

Concepts such as "taking" and "being had"—these leave a kind of dirty taste in the mouth of the new-age man or woman. When you think about it, there's nothing intrinsically wrong with the concept of being had, not if it means "being experienced," which it could—and should. If you are being had by someone who trusts and loves you, and, even more important, whom you also love and trust, then you are allowing yourself to be experienced; you are truly sharing yourself.

Men have come to see wanting sexual satisfaction as something to feel guilty about. The more sensitive the guy, the more he's in a quandary from wanting to give to a woman and take from her at the same time. Meanwhile, feminists are feeling guilty about wanting sensitive men who will still sweep them into ecstasy and cause them to submit totally to their sensations. Feminist Nora Ephron once wrote a famous essay about her fondness for sexual fantasies about having unspeakable things done to her by motorcycle hoodlums. She didn't know whether to feel guilty about those fantasies or what. Nora's not alone in either her fantasies or her guilt. We're all in this together, folks.

I certainly never thought that *I* wanted to be submissive during sex. I always wanted us to be "equal partners," not realizing that sex doesn't have anything to do with equality, not the way many feminists define it. Sex has to do with being in control and letting go, and we just can't do both at the same time. I now realize that my idea of "liberation," sexually speaking, was to be open enough to tell or show my lover what

continued on page 96

*I've tried to
find out what
the traditional
male role
is like...
damned
exhausting.*



Dana Ventura

★ ★ ★ **STAND BACK!** ★ ★ ★ **HERE COMES THE FORCE!**

—by John A. Keel—

*Separate a yolk from egg white with your mind!! Make
accordions play by themselves! Float up to the ceiling at will!*

Ashtrays skitter across the room. Doors wrench themselves from their hinges and zip up stairways like giant Frisbees. Heavy pieces of furniture float to the ceiling while doorbells ring when no one is pushing their buttons and telephones jangle incessantly

even when their wires have been pulled from the walls. Helpless human beings levitate from their chairs and beds, soaring skyward while their desperate relatives and friends try to haul them back to earth. This epidemic of phantasmagoria has been

increasing in recent years, spreading to every society, no matter how remote, and inspiring dramatic cultural changes. The bogeymen are back, scaring the bejesus out of whole populations and creating a new folklore of demons, flying-saucer critters and

bug-eyed monsters.

When the weird Force first broke loose in the last century, learned scientists muttered in their beards, crying hoax and hoping the whole business would soon go away. A couple of teenaged American girls, the Fox sisters, started it all when they held conversations with mysterious knocking sounds. They called it "spiritualism." The scientists called it humbug and said the girls were making the sounds by cracking the joints of their toes. Following the Civil War, spiritualism became a national mania and the Force happily obliged by creating phantom orchestras from coast to coast. This was a weird game played in thousands of parlors in which musical instruments were placed on a mantel or shelf in a dimly lighted room and, given proper encouragement, fiddles and horns would begin to play by themselves.

In modern times, these eerie manifestations were blamed on poltergeists ("noisy ghosts") and discombobulated spirits of the restless dead. But a handful of courageous scientists have made some exciting breakthroughs in the past 20 years and we are finally beginning to understand the true nature of the Force that produces these phenomena. It doesn't come from wandering shades or diddling demons: It springs from our bodies. Some of us radiate mysterious forms of energy that can cause an ashtray to fly, a disconnected phone to ring, or a toilet to flush by itself. It is even possible that we may, in time, learn to harness this Force and use it for our own corrupt purposes. There are already legends aplenty claiming that the Egyptian pyramids were built by priests who had somehow mastered the secret of levitation and were able to float the huge slabs of stone into place with the wave of a hand. The inhabitants of Easter Island still insist that their ancestors moved the 40-ton statues found there by levitating them with the force called *mana*, a magical power. Imagine what *mana* would do to our modern construction industry!

Each generation has produced a small group of people who have the conscious ability to move objects by the power of thought, or with the energies radiating from their bodies. We call this *psychokinesis* (PK). While we wasted decades testing psychics with dice-throwing games (more about this later), Soviet scientists have been conducting complex, methodical experiments with PK subjects. For example, Nelly Mikailov, Russia's most famous PK operator, has voluntarily submitted to years of tests. She is able to move all kinds of objects, even when they are under glass or plastic. In one series of incredible tests, she

was able to separate the white of an egg from the yolk after it was broken in a glass tank six feet away from her. Skeptics couldn't explain that as being the work of hidden strings or magnets.

However, magnetism may play some part in psychokinesis. Genady Sergeyev, a neurophysiologist in Leningrad, discovered that Ms. Mikailov has a magnetic field surrounding her body which is roughly one-tenth the strength of the earth's own magnetic field. During the tests, she not on-

Ted Owens, "the PK man," claims to be able to conjure up hurricanes and earthquakes.

ly radiated intense energy fields, all of her bodily functions went haywire. Her pulse soared to 240 beats a minute and she would lose over two pounds during each test. She also became temporarily blind and suffered from insomnia for several days after the more intense tests. Obviously the output of energy is enormous, just as spirit mediums often lapse into a condition near death when they attempt to make an entity materialize. Scientists think that such materializations are constructed from the medium's own energy.

An American, Mr. Ted Owens, sneers at Mikailov's demonstrations with raw eggs. Owens, who calls himself "the PK man," claims to be able to conjure up hurricanes and earthquakes. He has been endlessly examined and tested by government scientists and major universities. Remember the flight of Apollo 13 back in 1970? The geniuses behind our space program decided to disprove once and for all the myths around the number 13. Apollo 13's engines ignited at 1300 hours and as the spacecraft lifted through the clouds it was struck by a bolt of lightning which disabled it and made three astronauts very uncomfortable, forcing them to cancel their plan to land on the moon. Ted Owens took credit for that lightning bolt, having predicted it in advance and in writing. Proof that you should never fool around with Mother Nature or with PK operators. Ted's real specialty is predicting the outcome of football games, then allegedly blasting the opposing players with his powers, causing broken legs and fractured skulls until the score meets his approval.

Although psychokinesis is a rare talent, it does seem to be stimulated by stress, particularly among teenagers. When the late Dr. Nandor Fodor carried out in-depth investi-

gations of the poltergeist mystery, he discovered that things begin to go bump in the night when a child just entering puberty is involved, and usually there is great stress in the family—a father who is too strict, a mother who is too neurotic. Later investigators have confirmed Fodor's findings. When the child is removed from the household that is suffering from a mysterious haunting, or the stress is relieved in some fashion, the manifestations cease abruptly. The child's energy is somehow feeding an

invisible monster, just as adults often give off a destructive temporary energy when angry or under stress. There are countless cases in which a vase, or glassware, suddenly explodes by itself while two people are having an angry confrontation. When we're in a mean mood we release waves of biological energy.

Levitation, literally the ability to fly, is

linked to PK and the emotional release of energy. The Vatican recently named Joseph of Copertino as the patron saint of the space age. Poor Joseph, a monk with a rather limited intellect, lived in the 17th century and had the disconcerting habit of floating in the air, often in front of large numbers of witnesses. Usually it happened while he was praying and was in that state that religionists call "ecstasy," a very emotional state akin to a medium's trance. It was not unusual for him to suddenly rise from a large congregation of worshipers and float gracefully over their startled heads. On one occasion, a Spanish ambassador and his wife saw Joseph take wing. He flew over the altar of the church, circled a religious statue and made a perfect landing.

In the Himalayas, holy men spend their entire lives trying to concentrate their bioenergy, and involuntary levitation is often one result. Historic accounts of flying yogis, nuns and priests are numerous. Apparently, this bioenergy can turn off the forces of gravity. (We still don't understand what gravity is or how it works. It seems to permeate the universe in very slow waves. The PK force may screen the subject from these waves, just as a wall of lead can block a wave of radioactivity.)

The first known case of levitation in America took place in 1693, when, according to the famous clergyman Cotton Mather, a young woman named Margaret Rule began to fly around her bedroom with some regularity. She would often float all the way to the ceiling and remain there while groups of strong men grappled with her and tried to haul her down. Flying under your own power was definitely frowned upon in those days and the girl was accused of being a witch. *continued*

One Daniel Dunglas Home (pronounced *Hoom*) is remembered as the greatest wonder worker of modern times. If he was a fraud, then he was the greatest hoaxer and the greatest magician of *all* time. He not only levitated, he produced a wide variety of inexplicable manifestations. Leading scientists and the most skeptical reporters of the 19th century attended his séances and went away baffled. Though he was born in Scotland in 1833, his family moved to Connecticut when he was a boy. In his early teens he began to experience poltergeist phenomena: mysterious rappings in the walls, objects floating in the air, furniture sliding across the floor toward him. By his 20th birthday he was already famous, recognized as one of the greatest mediums in the age of spiritualism. He could cause a heavy oak table to rise in the air by merely touching it with his fingertips. Here's a description of one of Home's table-tilting séances as observed by R.T. Hallock, a medical doctor:

On the table around which we were seated were loose papers, a lead pencil, two candles, and a glass of water. The table was used by the spirits in responding to our questions, and the first peculiarity we observed was that, however violently the table was moved, everything on it retained its position. When we had duly observed this, the table, which was mahogany and perfectly smooth, was elevated to an angle of thirty degrees and held there, with everything remaining on it as before. It was interesting to see a lead pencil retaining a position of perfect rest on a polished surface inclined at such an angle. It remained as if glued to the table and so of everything else on it. The table was repeatedly made to resume its ordinary position and then again its inclination as before, as if to fasten upon us the conviction that what we saw was no deception of the senses....

Later, during the same séance, Dr. Hallock and a man named Charles Partridge climbed onto the table. Their combined weight was over 350 pounds. At Home's command, the table rocked so violently that both men were thrown off. Defying gravity became one of Home's regular feats. He usually performed in a lighted room, and on many occasions he apparently caused heavy objects to rise in the air in full view of everyone. Sometimes he himself would ascend to the ceiling. At one well-witnessed séance he allegedly floated out of a hotel window high above the street and returned by floating in another open window.

Unlike many of the mediums of the period, Mr. Home did not perform for money. His demonstrations were usually restricted to members of the royal family, celebrities,

medical men and scientists. Early in life he discovered that wealthy ladies were attracted to him and he married well. He didn't have to waste his time and energies performing any kind of useful work. Nor was he much interested in glory and publicity. He traveled in the loftiest circles and lived well.

An accordion that played by itself became one of Home's most popular stunts. He would hold the instrument in one hand with the keys hanging downward and the

ligence Agency, launched a few abortive boondoggles that advanced the bank accounts of a few selected Ph.D.s. We were not only short of talented parapsychologists, we were also hamstrung by the dreary, unimaginative methods developed back in the dark ages of the 1930s by J.B. Rhine, a college professor of unlimited patience. He spent 30 years testing PK subjects with the longest, dullest, most boring crap game in the history of the human race. Hundreds of shooters threw the dice mil-

lions of times and not one of them won a nickel. When it was all over, scores of people who had not even been present wasted tons of paper and spent pointless years arguing that the dice had been loaded. Several books were published about this, the world's longest floating crap game, and almost nobody bothered to read them because they were boring.

If we could bend time just slightly, we could peer into the future and avert wars.

accordion would play any song, even foreign music. Other members of the séance could hold the accordion, with the same mysterious results. With today's technology an accordion could be rigged electronically to play by itself, but electronics did not exist in 1852. Sir William Crookes, one of England's foremost scientists, the man who discovered thallium and who invented the Crookes tube—forerunner to the X-ray tube—investigated Home thoroughly. He built a special cage to house the accordion and make it impossible for Home to manipulate it with hidden wires or other trickery. The instrument continued to play by itself in the cage. Crookes even planted a trusted assistant under the table to study the lower end of the accordion. He later reported:

Very soon the accordion was seen by those on each side to be waving about in a somewhat curious manner, then sounds came from it, and finally notes were played in succession. Whilst this was going on my assistant under the table reported that the accordion was expanding and contracting.... Presently the accordion was seen by those on either side of Mr. Home to move about, oscillating and going round and round the cage and playing at the same time. Dr. Huggins now looked under the table and said that Home's hand appeared quite still whilst the accordion was moving about emitting distinct sounds.

D.D. Home died at the age of 53 in a villa in France. There has been no one like him since.

In the 1970s, the U.S. government made a faltering attempt to catch up with Soviet research by sponsoring some of the work being done at the Stanford Research Institute and, under the auspices of the Central Intel-

Dr. Rhine had set out to prove scientifically something that every gambler has known since dice were first invented: namely that some people can make the dice come up any chosen number when all the conditions are right. Not surprisingly, many people were able to toss the dice so that certain numbers came up far beyond the expected laws of chance.

After Rhine's endless crap game became known in scientific circles, other Ph.D.s tried to top him. A psychologist in Belfast, one John Beloff, won the booby prize for originality. He suggested using "nature's own dice": atomic particles. Two French schoolboys who had previously proven to have PK powers served as the guinea pigs. Under tightly controlled laboratory conditions, they were asked to speed up or slow down the beeps of a Geiger counter being exposed to uranium. In other words, they were assigned to manipulate the smallest particles of matter in the same way that a gamble on a lucky streak can control a pair of dice. They were successful.

While we have been playing with dice and atomic particles, the Soviet scientists have been trying to find practical applications. Time travel is suddenly within our grasp because tests and experiments have shown that mediums, levitants and PK subjects are very special people who live in a kind of time warp. The force field around them is a product of that time warp, and their minds are able to cross some mysterious frontier where the past, present and future all blend together. A medium's mind is an instrument tuning into the future which already exists in some form outside of our space-time continuum.

continued on page 96



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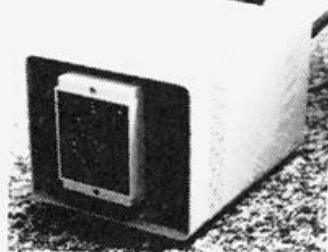
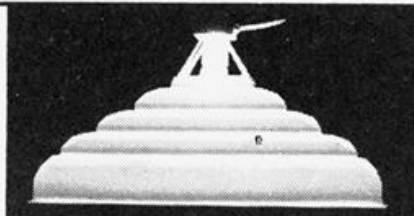
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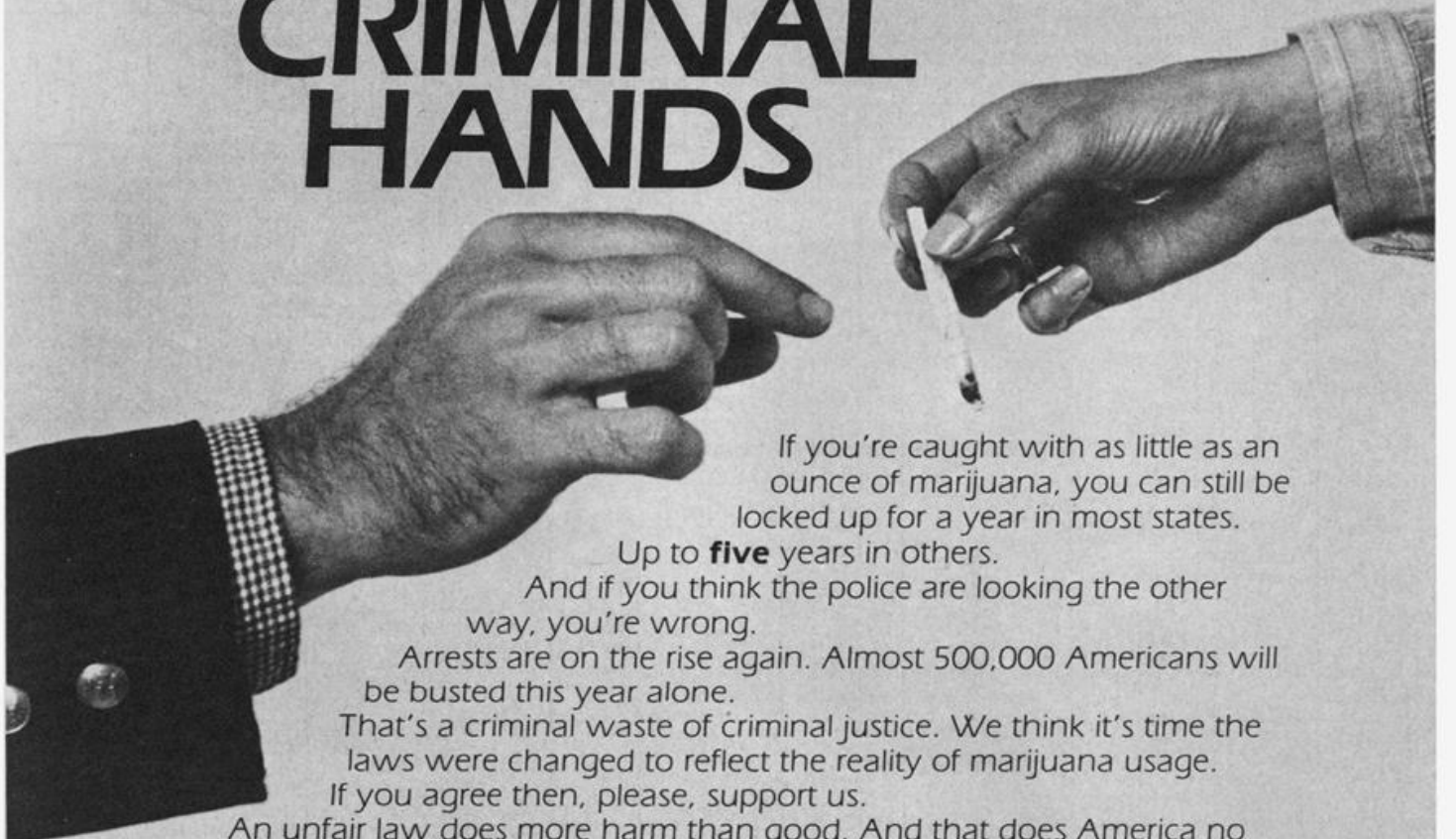


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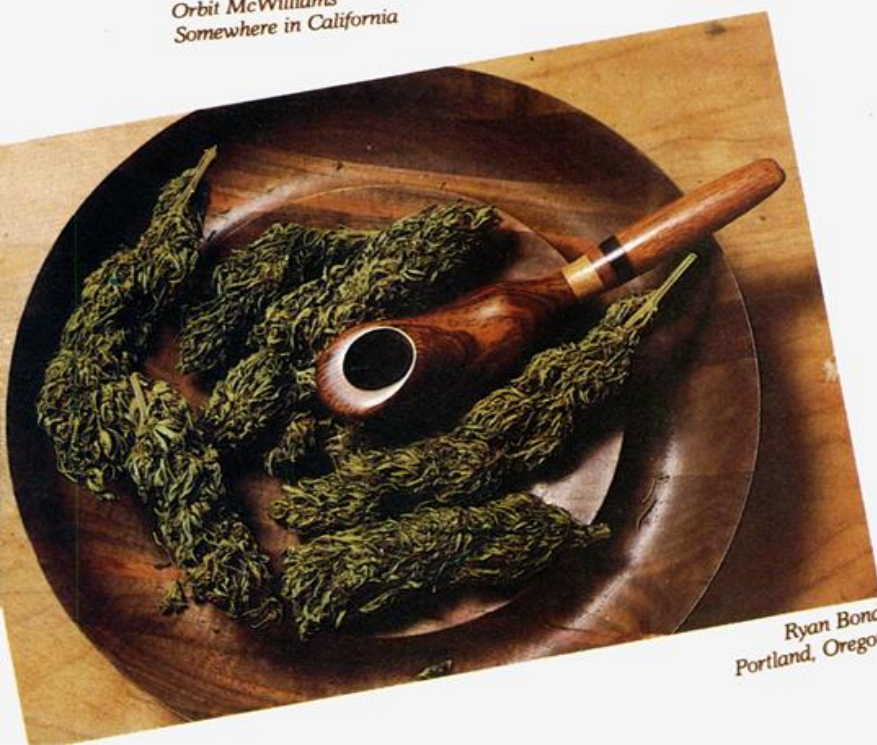
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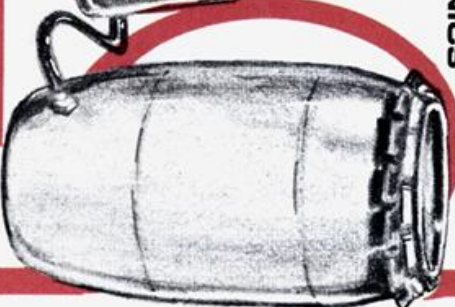
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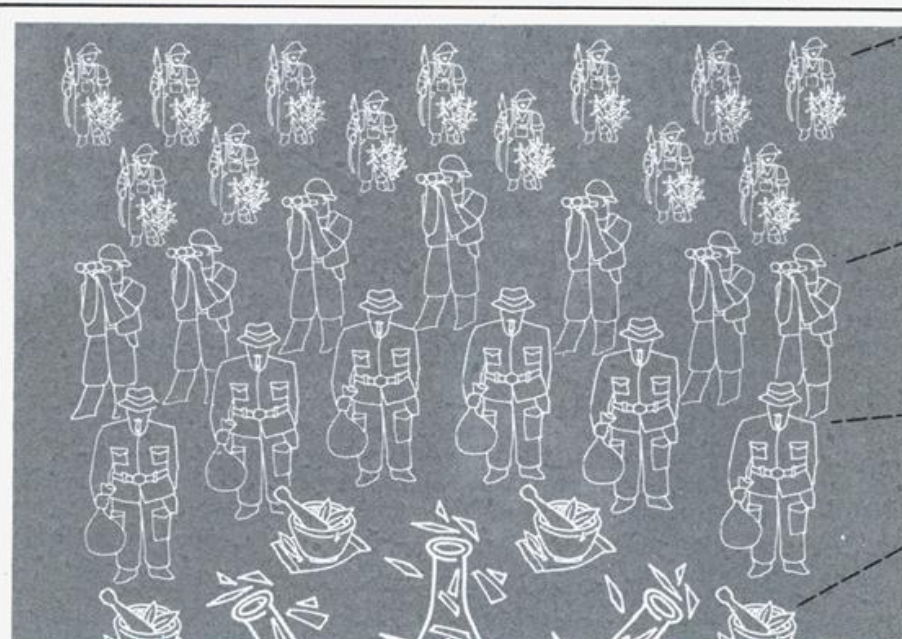
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COCAINE FLOW CHART

COCAINE TRADE HIERARCHY FROM FARM TO CONSUMER
(THE HISTORY OF A HYPOTHETICAL 300-KILO SHIPMENT)

by David Lee



FARMERS: Cultivate coca, harvest and dry leaves, and make the paste. Every few months, as many as 2,000 farmers (working separately) will use a total of 45,000 kilos of dried leaves to make approximately 375 kilos of paste—which will eventually become the hypothetical 300-kilo shipment. One average farmer's yield of paste would be less than 200 grams.

GUIDES: Each native guide buys paste from 10–12 farmers of his own nationality and sells to one (usually) Colombian buyer representing a large organization. He also often escorts the buyer to and from the growing area as his presence there without a guide would not be tolerated by the locals.

BUYERS: Buy paste from their guides and transport it to their organization's base lab located somewhere in the Colombian countryside.

BASE LABS: Convert paste to cocaine base. Approximately 1.25 kilos of paste are needed to make one kilo of base, so 375 kilos of paste will yield about 300 kilos of base.

CRYSTAL LABS: Base from each of 3–5 base labs is received by a crystal lab in or near a major Colombian city and is converted to crystal (cocaine hydrochloride). One kilo, or 1,000 grams, of base will produce 900–1,100 grams of cocaine.



SMUGGLER: It will take the yields of several crystal labs to accumulate the 300 kilos of one smuggler's shipment. He will arrange its transportation to the U.S., contacting as few people as possible in doing so, but usually working in collusion with the person managing wholesale operations here.

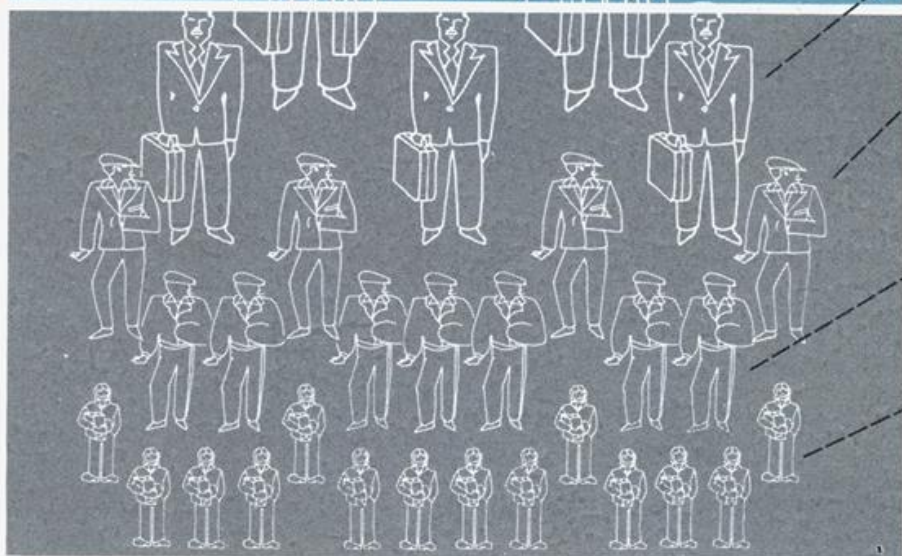
WHOLESALER: Usually sells multiple-kilo lots at the point of entry to a select few major distributors who transport their purchases to their areas of business.

MAJOR DISTRIBUTORS: Usually buy multiple kilos and sell single kilos. It is at this level that cuts begin to be introduced, and the process is generally repeated at every level, resulting in declining quality each time.

DEALERS: At this stage, an indeterminate series of transactions can take place in which each purchase is smaller: single kilos to pounds, to quarter pounds, to ounces (with possible adulterations at each step), ending eventually with a purchase by the dealer/user.

DEALER/USER: Buys an ounce or less at a time. Sells to possibly four to eight consumers (or other dealer/users) in grams and half- or quarter-grams to cover the costs of his own consumption.

CONSUMER: The consumer usually buys one gram or less for personal use. By this point, the 300-kilo shipment has been adulterated so heavily that it consists of 2.5 million grams which contain only 12 percent cocaine, and cost at least \$100 each for a total of \$250 million—or nearly \$1,000 per gram of actual cocaine!



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SEE PAGE 31 FOR DETAILS

SEX & DRUGS & TOM FORCADE

continued from page 44

America, they didn't know hardly *any* of this dope stuff then. It would be fun to teach them about it, Forcade put it to all us scribes along his personal Grub Street. We take the filthiest muck on the planet—the dope trade—and just glossy it up to *hell* and gone with super pro printing and page design, and rub Mr. and Mrs. Silent Majority's nose in it. And who knows? Once they get a couple snorts, they might turn out to like it...

That was typical of Forcade. He couldn't just dangle the money in front of your face, he had to feed you some byzantine bullshit "motivating" hype to go with it. Otherwise it wasn't *Professional* with a capital P, like in all those books he was studying on Professional business management, Professional corporate economics and Professional staff management.

But I didn't know all that, I just swallowed the hype and the money. The first HIGH TIMES office, in a basement on West 11th in the *Real Village* (just down the block from St. Vincent's, in fact), had a satisfying counterculture ambience of potsmoke and rubber cement, with the art director's light table adjoining the single freelance desk. There was one electric typewriter, some ancient Kraut model with an umlaut where

the ampersand should be. You could sometimes spy a teenage runaway crashing in the office cubby that had a rug on the floor. *EVO* was two years dead now, and I would've liked the place from nostalgia alone, if the vibes in there hadn't been so *almighty Professional*.

Forcade actually set my 18-year-old sweetheart up as his secretary, a job I suffered her to keep for exactly eight working days. The poor little freckleface would come home every night absolutely *strung out* on anxiety and fatigue, exactly the same as some damned account executive commuting home to Rye after a nine-to-five in some Madison Avenue malebolge.

"He does these awful *tricks* on people," she'd shudder. "He's got this one editor, Bob Singer, and he's always secretly *pit*ting him against this other editor, Ed Dwyer. Neither of them's *really* out to get the other one's job, but Forcade makes each of them *think* the other one's out to get him. They're *friends*, but at work he's got them at each other's *throats*. And the art director, that sweet little guy from Kansas City? Forcade just stands over his shoulder for like 20 minutes at a time, watching every slice he makes with his razor blade, saying nothing. Just stands there, says nothing, and goes away. Finally, the guy finishes the flat, takes it into Forcade's office, and closes the door. Ten minutes later he'll come out with one piece of the torn-up flat in each hand, looking like he wants to cry, but he's too *scared* to."

Now, I've read about what happens to women whose husbands work nine-to-five in corporate hellholes like that. Since I was just then very much addicted to copious and enthusiastic pussy from this particular freckleface sweetie, I called Forcade in the middle of her second week and told him thanks but no thanks: "Fire her, Tom."

"But Dean, she's exactly what I need right now. A clean slate. Tabula rasa. I can teach her the ropes from the bottom up, and as the corporation develops, she'll become the best executive secretary this side of Ogilvy & Mather."

"Fire her, Tom. Today. Give us a break, huh?"

She was so happy to be cut loose from that terrible place, neither of us left the house for the rest of the week.

In fact, I could *not* have gone back into the HIGH TIMES office for at least a couple years after that. Darkest America turned out to have such a spectacularly prurient fascination with *dope*, as it somehow happened, Forcade's corporation quickly expanded to much cushier premises on West Broadway. HIGH TIMES vets still speak of the West Broadway place and all the great nitrous parties they threw whenever Tom was away. But I never once set foot in the West Broadway office; I don't know where it was or what it looked like. [Editor's note: *The Sordid Affairs Editor is not whistling Dixie here. The office he refers to was on Broadway, not West Broadway. We are thankful that he*

continued on page 68

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Thus I am no proper historian of HIGH TIMES in its heyday. Loved the magazine, loathed the people there. Forcade sort of bird-dogged poor Gabrielle into formally marrying him over this period, I understood through industrial gossip. His classic manic-depressive syndrome was getting completely out of hand as he got along. Par for the course in such cases, when they go along untreated like that, he would be industrious, charismatic, brilliant for maybe three months, until he'd worked himself into a state of total exhaustion and anxiety-fatigue, signaling an imminent hormone turnover into what the docs call "serotonergic depression." The turnover was commonly signaled by the day Tom would stride, all becloaked and slouch-hatted, into the office with a couple meatball bodyguards, personally rip every phone in sight out of the wall, fire every third person who happened to be on the premises (employees, freelancers, his own lawyers, Xerox repairmen, visiting rock stars and wire-service journalists all got fired by Forcade from time to time), and stalk out. No one would see him for another two-three months, whilst he privately endured who knows what John Donne agonies of serotonergic depression and exaltation. Then gradually he'd *remanifest* on the premises, charismatic and personable, playing his hideous Professional mind-fuck games again...

So I much preferred hanging out at *Screw* magazine's office, even, where Goldstein actually kept closed-circuit TV cameras trained on his staff, feeding into a bank of spy monitors in his executive suite. Goldstein's a champion mind-fuck artist too, but at least he's not in visible *pain* half the time.

But the HIGH TIMES parties were terrific, or so I'm told, and there appeared to be a terrific camaraderie among much of the staff when I finally came aboard full-time

Never mind exactly *how* I capitulated to a full-time staff job here. The fact is, with inflation running the way it is, you can't even be a starving Grub Street scrivener anymore. No way. If any of my previous remarks here have tempted the Youth of America to try a fling at poor-but-honest garret journalism, I take it all back. Better you should go to drugs: They'll finish you off less painfully and with more dignity. Wait till the Reaganauts turn this economy around, Youth, before you go try to make a living from an unfettered pen.

Yeah, that was a most *auspicious* month to come aboard HIGH TIMES. You had to *instantly* start boning up into a paraprofessional's conversance with toxicology and pharmacology. Straightaway you learned the ins and outs of media dope scares, and how to take the edge off them: mainly, which media people to call *right* away, to explain it all to them in words of one syllable, so that at least they don't automatically take the word of every headline-seeking county coroner from Poughkeepsie to Biloxi that he's got an adolescent on ice who just croaked from this season's brand-new scare drug. There would've been an *epidemic* of teenage nitrous oxide deaths in the media around early 1980, if HIGH TIMES' Sordid Affairs Editor hadn't been on the case; as it was, that's one national dope scare that zipped past without properly frightening a soul.

I am often asked where the title *Sordid Affairs* Editor came from, and what it means. All right, I will proceed now to tell you, I will tell you all.

It was just a few months after the lovely July morning Gabrielle came up with her lawyers and their meatballs to grace our corporation. That day was the first time I'd seen her in maybe five years, and pretty

Look here. You have a 94-pound woman who comes in one day and says she's your publisher. Okay, you've worked for Al Goldstein and Tom Forcade, what could be worse? This lady, day one, before you even got your briches on, had canned the treasurer and circulation director and staked out their offices with her meatballs. That's understandable—they could take the money and scoot if they decided, on first impression, that this blondie might be a little—ah—*balmy*—to be publishing a national magazine. Gabrielle does have this problem with first impressions; guys tend either to go wholly galley-west over her extraordinary good looks, or to take her for a *royal* space case. Either way, they are only falling victim to their idiot masculine prejudices, and are certain to suffer for it sorrowfully in the fullness of time.

Day two, though. The 94-pound publisher hauls the editors all up to her new office for an editorial conference. She is going to change the look and tone of this magazine from the bottom up, from the logo to the staples. She's going to do all sorts of magnificent new, wonderful new things—no *end* to the unprecedented miracles this 94-pound Jann Wenner's gonna perform—but mainly she's gonna *change* it. Total metamorphosis. *Flux* the fucker.

She is determined, you gradually come to suspect inside yourself as she goes on, to take their rather nifty-looking and brisk-selling Professional package that was put together by her late husband, and tear out, cast down, tread under, obliterate and spread salt over everything in it that *reminds* her of the guy. Your suspicions definitely do not lighten after this colloquy with your new 94-pound publisher:

"Dean, I hear you and Bob write this part on the newsprint paper in back here, the Planet section. What's that about?"

"It's nondrug news from around the world. International stuff the regular American media never cover. We rewrite it out of international journals like *Africa*, *El Tiempo*, the *London Sunday*—"

"But why can't it go up here in front, in *this* newsprint-paper section?"

"That's Highwitness News. It's all dope news, one-hundred percent dope news. The Planet's all nondope news."

"But the *paper* looks so... I mean, why do we have to have two newsprint sections, anyway?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Look, I know you guys work hard on this, and you're proud of it. I'm not criticizing you, I just want to know why we have to have two newsprint sections."

"Uh... Gabrielle, um... that's the way it comes, you know? You have one newsprint section, you *have* to have two."

"I know! I know exactly how to solve

High Times was conceived as a joke—a one-shot spitball into the eye of Spiro Agnew's Silent Majority.

this. We just take the Planet section and move it up front with the Highwitness News section. Run them back to back on newsprint in the front of the book. That way the whole back of the book is glossy, and everybody's happy. Right? Everybody agree?"

And of course nobody says anything, they're all looking at you, helplessly. "Ah-hum, Gabrielle. Look... hold the magazine up, spread out, in your fingers. See how it's stapled? Look real close at the binding. Now see how all those newsprint pages are *really* single, 17-by-22-inch sheets of paper, stapled in the middle so they *look* like lots of 8½-by-11s? With glossy sections fore and aft, sort of?"

"Yeah. But I don't see—"

"If you wanted to run the whole newsprint section in *one block*, you'd have to run it in the centerfold. And then we'd lose our snazzy, pretty, glossy dope centerfold every month."

Long pause, deep concentrated frown. "Well, I'll take it up with the guys out at the plant. Maybe they can rig something up. Now, as to the table of contents, from now on I want to..."

Months had passed since that colloquy. We were calling her the Ayatollah Schang now, what few of us remained. Gabrielle had called in some top-notch efficiency experts, who had asked all of us to describe for them, in our own written words, our jobs. Recognizing in this a prelude to wholesale butchery, I had composed a heroic one-page scorcher saying essentially blow it out your rich white asses, you stooges, I'm damned if I'll make it any easier for you to fire me and my friends. But I did it so eloquently and *precisely*, see, you'd have to be plain *crazy* to fire an editor who can write like that, and will work for a take-home that's lower than some of the secretaries. Not so almighty heroic after all, y'see.

Months had passed, then. The Ayatollah had machine-gunned two out of three personnel in every department (today we would call her "Mother Stockman," I'm positive). I had just helped my old chum Jeff Goldberg pack up his half ton of documents for *Flowers in the Blood* and haul them off to a taxi, humming "Dead March from Saul" very loudly and nastily under her new treasurer's nose. So when my phone rang that day, and her little voice came leaping over the wires, I automatically checked to see if the coast was clear between my office IBM Selectric and the fire-escape door.

"Dean," says she, "I'm putting together a whole new *masthead* for our whole *new* staff. I'm moving you right up under Managing Editor. What title do you want?"

Oh, for Christ sake. A *stroke* from the Goddamned Ayatollah! "I dunno," sez I, manfully fighting down my gorge. "Lemme think on it a bit."

"I've got just the title. You'll love it. Guess."

"Gee, I got no idea. Really."

"Gonzo Editor! What do you think of

Forcade was a magnificent fake-out, ripoff artist, right up there with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin.

that?"

"Ktchu!" The gorge hit the back of my nose, pure hydrochloric bile. "Aw, golly, Gabrielle, Hunter would really kick my ass for that."

"Do you think so? Do you know Hunter?"

"Just from bars. The Lion's Head, the Bells of Hell, the Roadhouse, you know. Writer taverns." *Stone* lie. I've never met the guy in my life, nor read more than the first 30 pages of his first wretched *Fear and Loathing* book, either. *Doonesbury* is where I know Hunter Thompson from. "He'd kick my ass, man. I mean, he'd get me 86ed out

of all the places I can *drink* in."

"Well, I like it a lot. Can you think of anything better just offhand? I have to messenger it out right now."

"Sure." Well hell, I *introduced* her to the poor guy didn't I? "Sordid Affairs Editor."

"Assorted Affairs Editor?" she asked doubtfully.

"No, no. Sordid. S-O-R-D-I-D. Sordid Affa—"

"Sordid Affairs Editor! That's *fantastic*!"

And that's where the title comes from, God's witness, scout's honor. Born in a blurt of bile, in sheer inspired self-defense.

I work good, and I work cheap. □

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☐ 10: June '76



☐ 11: July '76



☐ 12: August '76



☐ 13: September '76



☐ 14: October '76



☐ 15: November '76



☐ 16: December '76



☐ 17: January '77



☐ 18: February '77



☐ 19: March '77



☐ 20: April '77



☐ 21: May '77



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☐ 24: August '77



☐ 25: September '77



☐ 26: October '77



☐ 27: November '77



☐ 28: December '77



☐ 29: January '78



☐ 30: February '78



☐ 31: March '78



☐ 32: April '78



☐ 33: May '78



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STOP DOPES AT THEIR SOURCE

Published Monthly By DeFunct County Parents Up In Arms, Combatting Drug-Abuse-Type And Non-Christian Influences From Outside The Community All Across The Nation

\$1.50

JUNE 1982

"URA": NEW PERIL TO YOUR CHILD'S MENTAL HEALTH!

by Zoo Rooch,
DeFunct County PUJA exectrix

Parents' groups and legislators concerned with the latter-day rise in drug-abuse-type behavior among youth are beginning to take a long, hard look at Un-supervised Respiratory Activity (URA). Reports of young people indulging in URA began to crop up on the West Coast last year, and now incidents in Canada and north-eastern urban centers have sparked attention from health-control experts.

So it is only a matter of time before this new menace to the children and family units of DeFunct County will be brought here by persons from outside the community. Some cases have already been documented (see below). Now more than ever it is time to "draw the wagons in a circle" and lash back against those outside-the-community persons. But first we must learn what "URA" is, and how to recognize it in our children.

We were surprised and

shocked when we learned about URA, and even more surprised and shocked at the apparent negligence with which our voted-in legislators and federal health-control experts have heretofore treated it. Basically, URA consists of "oxygen abuse"—the intentional taking of too much air into the body system by breathing in a too-deep, too-rapid way. Some confirmed URA abusers even "heighten" their "highs" by blowing the air out of their lungs too forcefully with each exhalation. Doctors call the resulting medical condition "hyperventilation." In layman's terms, all this means is "too much ventilation"—the body system of your child is getting too much oxygen.

There are probably many different ways of achieving hyperventilation, but the way most often observed by health-control experts is by breathing. The children are taught by older children, or by people



Photos by Virginia Liberatore

from outside the community, how to breathe in special ways that give them an "oxygen overdose." These outside-the-community people do not care if a child blows his lungs up by too much URA, or falls victim to any of the other science-documented hazards (see below). It is up to the parents themselves, as DeFunct County Parents Up In Arms have always insisted, to both super-

vise their precious children's breath-by-breath behavior, and to vigorously take action against disagreeable, strange, or upsetting people from outside the community.

★ There will be a
Parents-Up-In-Arms meeting
Wed. July 15 at 7:00 at
the Last Exit Before
Freeway Church of God.
ALL MOMS & DADS WELCOME

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

GLOSSARY of special "slang" terms *your* child may "think they can get away with" when indulging in nasty URA habits!

gasp: A short breath, rapidly exhaled. After hyperventilating, URA abusers very commonly "gasp."

huff: A sharp intake of air into the lungs.

puff: A quick expulsion of air from the lungs.

choke: Difficulty in inhaling or exhaling.

yawn: An especially deep inhalation, commonly involving a transient, illusory sensation of "pleasure." One of the prime attractions of URA for children.

sneeze: A rapid, barklike exhalation of air through the nose.

burp: A particularly revolting, usually audible, expulsion of air from the stomach, upward through the glottis. Some young URAers think it "smart" to intentionally bring on a "burp" by swallowing air.

fart: An expulsion of air from the lower intestinal tract via the sphincter, audible or inaudible, frequently conveying a noxious stench. Alternatively, a common youth term used to describe a member of DeFunct County Parents Up In Arms.

TELLTALE SIGNS to check to determine if *your* child is a URA abuser!

- ☐ **Rising and falling of the chest!** While the chests of children very often are seen to rise and fall in the ordinary course of events, this *can* lead to more extreme activity. "Where there's oxygen, fire usually follows."
- ☐ **Sullenness!** Inactivity, loss of interest in sports or work, hostility to the parent within the family unit, all are associated with URA abuse.
- ☐ **Enthusiasm!** Interest in matters not known or approved of within the family unit often prefigures URA abuse. Intense demonstrations of affection for the parent, too, may spring from secret guilt, or just be a way of "covering up."
- ☐ **Sleepiness!** URA abuse is known to put its devotees "on the nod," make them "blitzed out" and—worst of all—get them "fucked up."
- ☐ **Alertness!** URA abuse is known to make its devotees "really wired," put them "on a buzz" and—worst of all—get them "fucked up."
- ☐ **Disobedience!** URA "freaks" seem to develop a tendency to challenge the parents' authority within the family unit, refuse to toe the line, insist on thinking and acting on their own and sometimes—in especially extreme, drastic cases—express a self-destructive, irrational desire to leave the family unit entirely. This is a *sure sign* of URA!!!

If *your* child shows any one or all of these "telltale signs," you have real trouble on your hands. Don't wait another minute! Get help *now*! Send for our handsome 110-page spirit-duplicated book, "How To Run People You Don't Like Out Of Your Own Community." Only \$13.50 from DeFunct County Parents Up In Arms, POB 18976, Bizmuth Springs, Georgia 94792.



THE FACTS ABOUT OXYGEN ("O")

Deceptive in its seeming simplicity, oxygen ("O") is a molecule consisting of just two protons and two electrons. Yet there are literally *thousands of trillions* of oxygen molecules in every supercharged breath inhaled by someone practicing Unsupervised Respiratory Activity (URA). These molecules quickly pass through the lungs into the bloodstream, where they turn it *bright red*! Think of the goriest dead body you can imagine, with icky red blood flowing out of its wounds. Disgusting, right? But now just try to imagine the color of that blood if that person had been practicing URA just before death. Do you want *that* to happen to *your* child?

Of course, "O" has its defenders, who are forever claiming that because it has some supposedly effective medical uses, oxygen is "OK." Don't be taken in! There exists in this nation today a clandestine, tightly organized, surreptitious, conspiratorial, highly sophisticated, unimaginably wealthy and absolutely ruthless subculture of "O" profiteers, who are ready to distort the most fundamental principles of science and even reli-

gion to "make a buck." Close your ears to their self-serving propaganda! It's only a matter of time before scientists succeed in creating *synthetic oxygen*, which will then supplant "O's" old-fashioned, crude medical uses. It might be more expensive, but isn't it worth that sacrifice to put the "O" subculture out of business?

And in the last analysis, any attempted defense of oxygen always founders when the reality of "oxidation" is brought up. Yes, "oxidation"—that's plain old rust and corrosion to you and me, and it's caused by our "harmless" old friend oxygen, working on metal. Take a good, hard look at the car in this photo. If oxygen can do that to a '57 Chevie, just think what it can do to *your* child's lungs!

To find out more of the hard facts about "O" which have been withheld from you for years—for example, about its unbelievably explosive properties—send for our 110-page spirit-duplicated book, "How To Run People You Don't Like Out Of Your Own Community." Only \$13.50 from DeFunct County Parents Up In Arms, POB 18976, Bizmuth Springs, Georgia 94792.

RALLY! RALLY! RALLY!

There will be a massive burning of drug-oriented and other subversive literature on the front lawn of the Sanctified Blood of the Holy Redeemer Church on Saturday, July 10th at 10 A.M. Everyone welcome.

PUIA Chairman's Two-Fisted Youth Rescue Mission

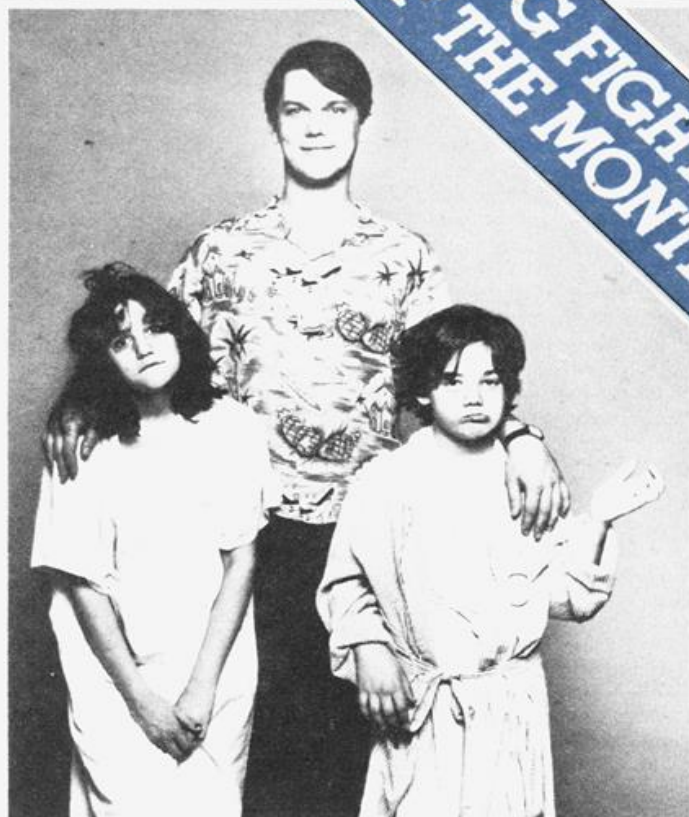
"WE SET THEM STRAIGHT!" is the motto of DeFunct County PUIA Chairman Elson Grifferth, shown here with two of his grateful charges. "We just detoxify and rehabilitate the dickens out of 'em!"

Elson Grifferth first got the drift of things in 1974 when his daughter Bonnie, then only 22 years old, linked up with a sinister, bizarre cult of deviant breathers called the Ayurvedas. At the time Bonnie was a straight-B student at Georgia State U in Bismuth Springs, majoring in home economics, with nothing at all strange or different about her, or even exceptional. But when she began mingling with the Ayurvedas, who boast that their breath tricks can "change your perceptions," Elson began to sense a strange and disturbing difference in his daughter.

So subtly subversive were the Ayurvedas, though, that it was hard at first to pinpoint anything obviously wrong with Bonnie. Unlike other cults, the Ayurvedas didn't urge her to change her name, or to dress in some outlandish fashion, to talk in heathen languages or to beg for money in the streets. Instead, Bonnie was allowed to stay in school, remain living in the Grifferth family unit and otherwise behave just as be-

fore—except for regular "breathing sessions" with the other Ayurveda cultists, where Elson had no idea what was going on. "She just went up there to this place every few nights," Elson recalls, "and when she came back, she said she 'felt better.' Well sir, I wasn't about to take *that* setting down!"

Unlike many other parents caught up in the family-destroying maelstrom of URA, Elson spent days in a crash program of studying up on the Ayurvedas' so-called breathing exercises. "I got a book from the library," he explains, "and looked up this mumbo-jumbo in it. It's really just one part of a whole big foreign-invented cult called Yoga, that looks at first like it's got a whole lot of spooky little gods to it, but when you get down to the bottom, why—it ain't got no god-damn God at all! You ever hear of such wicked foolishness? And they get it right to the kids first thing they leave home, or even before, if you don't watch out. I want to tell you, I went over blame near every page in



that library book, and I didn't see Jesus mentioned in it, not once! That's enough for me!"

Now that the full gravity of poor Bonnie's predicament was clear to Elson, he took quick, no-nonsense action. Although the child was still living at home, he had her taken by surprise, in the middle of the night, to a special "re-integration environment" by professional cult deprogrammer Ted

Hattrick. There for nearly two weeks, Hattrick and his assistants mounted a round-the-clock campaign to bring Bonnie to her senses.

Alas, URA had done its work on Bonnie's mind. After 106 hours of nonstop deprogramming, her oxygen-weakened personality disintegrated entirely, and Elson was forced to commit her to a private mental

continued on page 74

PUIA'S 1982 "OXYGEN BURNOUT" POSTER CHILD



Deborah Mae Webster, 10 years old, of Mrs. Keith's fourth-grade class at Bismuth Springs Elementary School, has been awarded a \$500 scholarship from DeFunct County Parents Up In Arms (PUIA). Deborah was chosen as PUIA's "Oxygen Burn-Out" poster child for 1982 after her appearance on NBC-TV's hour-long URA special, "Reading, Writing and Deep Breathing." Her portrayal of a vegged-out automaton was so heartrendingly effective that she was invited by Rep. Tommy Joe-Bob Ledbetter (D.-DeFunct) to appear at a special hearing of the House of Representatives Select Committee on Self Abuse and Control in Washington, D.C.! There, Debbie Mae's word-for-word recital, from memory, of a magazine article titled "Mystic Breath Secrets of the Ayurveda," resulted in a ban of all Yoga literature from the school libraries of *six states!*

"Don't you turn into an oxygen burnout!" Deborah Mae reminds all her little friends out there. "Remember, oxygen is one of the single most volatile, highly combustible substances in nature! Don't let it burn up your brain cells like it did *mine!*"

Deborah Mae Webster plans to use her \$500 PUIA scholarship toward her future enrollment in the Diane Linkletter Memorial School of Aviation.

MEDIA CLEAN-UP PROJECT

DeFunct County's "Media Cleanup" Target For September: NBC-TV's SCTV

As usual, participants in September's "Media Cleanup" form-letter project are reminded to put their own names at the end of the letter, where it says here, "Signature." That is, you shouldn't even write in the word "Signature" at all, but leave it out entirely, after you've hand-copied the rest of the letter, and replace it with your own name. That is, don't write in the words "your own name" instead of "Signature," but write in your first and last names, like it says on your driver's license. No, don't write in "your first and last names, etc.," but pretend like you were signing a check, see, and hand-write whatever your name is. It's all really very simple, if you just take a while to figure it out. This month's "Media Cleanup" letter goes to:

Mr. Grant Tinker
President, NBC-TV
20 Rockefeller Plaza,
New York City, New York 10027

Dear Mr. Tinker:

I just cried and cried when I saw on your "SCTV" TV show where one time there was Bob and Doug McKenzie, and they was smoking marijuana, and the police came, and in your script you "mocked drug law enforcement and glorified the drugs culture," just like it says in the Drug Enforcement Administration's pending Model Drug Paraphernalia (P-A-R-A-P-H-E-R-N-A-L-I-A) Act, HRS187-A2. I hope when this good Act wins, you and all those hippy bums are put in jail, or may be just a big court case and bad publicity is good enough. I and no one in my home and family unit am buying Jordache Jeans, Kimberly Clark Products, Hyatt House Regency Hotels, or the United States Marine Corps, who would sponser such garbage trash.

Let's have enough of this garbage trash on our TVs, coming into our home and family units! I say bring back "Untouchables," and respect for law enforcement real men!

Yours Truly,

Signature

PUIA CHAIRMAN continued from page 73

hospital. Years of electroconvulsive shock therapy and massive Thorazine treatment followed. But now, at 28, Bonnie is back home at last—a stabilized, loving, Church-going personality, marred only by a morbid fear of electricity and a barely noticeable touch of tardive dyskinesia. "The only drugs I do are what the doctor prethcribes," Bonnie smiles blissfully. "Dad sees to that, all right."

In the meantime, Elson hasn't been cooling his heels. In 1976, he gave up his \$17,500-per-year job as a spot welder to form DeFunct County Parents Up In Arms (PUIA). As a result of this selfless dedication, PUIA now employs full-time a staff of six secretaries to open mail from concerned

parents around the country, gathering cash donations often topping \$30,000 per year!

The major push came last year, when Elson's vigorous petition-signing campaigns brought PUIA to the attention of Washington congressman Tommy Joe-Bob Ledbetter (D.-DeFunct). The colorful, tough-talking Grand Kleagle emeritus of the Bizmuth Springs chapter of the Grand Invisible Empire, Rep. Ledbetter enjoys long-standing ties with the FBI and other top Justice Department agencies. "It was Tommy Joe-Bob introduced me to Nancy Reagan herself," reveals Elson. "We all can just spend hours on end talking about ways to work up new breath-control legislation. Yes sir, there's bound to be a glorious reckoning by and by—and sooner than you think, too!"

ABUSE UPDATE

Youth Cautioned On "O" Abuse



"HOW KIDS GET HOOKED!" A Tucson House spokesman Kevin McAnniny graphically shows how infants are conditioned from birth to ingest highly flammable oxygen.

NEW YORK CITY, AP—"Why are kids these days blowing their lungs up with air?" asks Kevin McAnniny, spokesman for the famous East Village detox-and-rehab center, Tucson House. "I'll tell you why. They're programmed to do it by very, very shady, very insidious promoters of thinly disguised oxygen paraphernalia." Holding up a baby bottle, McAnniny sprinkled some of the milk out through the nipple and said, "Look how when the baby drinks the milk, the area where the milk was fills up with air. That air is oxygen, plain and simple. The more milk the baby drinks from this bottle, the more oxygen he's going to get in his belly. This bottle is a gimmick for getting air right down into the kid's kishkas. Can you imagine that? At Tucson House I've seen this happen time and again. The babies get sick. You can hear the oxygen bubbles rumbling in their bellies. Usually they vomit! It's not a pretty sight. This type bottle thing here is sold in just about every drugstore in my neighborhood. And they wonder why kids get into oxygen abuse!"

While McAnniny retired, Tucson House coordinator Dr. Mitch Rosenthug described the public hazards posed by oxygen abusers. "For these people it's no game," he warned. "They physically have to have that air, all the time. Don't get between them and their air. These guys will kill for a single breath of air—kill you, kill me, kill their own mothers and fathers—it doesn't matter, they've got to have that air. You see it worst in kids. What do they know about air? They'll breathe anything—subway steam, Third Avenue diesel exhaust, school eraser chalk—they don't know or care where it comes from. Listen, it's all over the place. On the way to Tucson House just today, I saw a bunch of schoolkids breathing right next to those big Con Ed smokestacks over by Stuyvesant Town, and they didn't even..."



"OXYGEN KILLED THIS CHICKEN!" Dr. Gabbaliel Nuthatch displays body of test chicken used to determine the effects of acute oxygen withdrawal syndrome. Chicken,

placed in vacuum cleaner, expired after less than three minutes of enforced oxygen abstinence. "Most addictive substance known to science," concludes Nuthatch.

NISA SEES THE LIGHT

By Peggy Mennsch

In years past, Unsupervised Respiratory Activity (URA) was not a source of great concern by federal health-control experts. Not long ago, even the director of the National Institute on Self Abuse (NISA) could get away with claiming, as Dr. Robert Alcoa did in 1976, that "while NISA will

keep URA on a back burner, so to speak, graver[sic] concerns like widespread environmental contamination by PCBs and other sick-making industrial agents would be more appropriate as foci of investigation by federal health-control experts."

Of course, we all know what

happened to Dr. Alcoa. After his good friend and fellow "oxygen softliner" Dr. Peter Burn, special White House hanger-on, was caught sharing an oxygen mask with a cute stewardess, Dr. Alcoa was bounced straight out of the public trough. In fairness, though, it should be noted that Dr. Alcoa subsequently—rapidly, in fact—became one of the country's foremost advocates of strict breath control. "These kids who are into URA don't just breathe," he recently told *Good Morning, America* on numerous occasions, "they suck the air deep, deep, deep into the lungs. God only knows what difference that makes, but I'm prepared to speculate before any congressional committee that might give me another job that the long-term effects will be *horrendous!* Simply *horrendous!*"

Dr. Alcoa's successor at NISA, Dr. William Potluck, emphatically expresses high hopes that substantive evidence that oxygen kills will emerge from NISA research in the very near future, or at least within the next few generations. "We have already determined that possibly every single person who was breathing oxygen between 1839 and 1863 is dead today," Dr. Potluck gravely informed the House Select Committee on Self Abuse and Control last July. "We are virtually 100 percent sure of this, after an exhaustive and expensive NISA review of the activity of known breathers during that period. These are

deeply disturbing new statistics. While more research funds are needed to establish a direct causal link between respiration and mortality, NISA is more than willing to adopt any official posture on this question that will save me from going the way of Dr. Alcoa."

Meanwhile, laboratory proof of URA's harmfulness mounts daily. At Colombia University, Dr. Gabbaliel Nuthatch has forced compressed oxygen directly into the testicles of lab monkeys, and discovered that they afterward showed no interest at all in heated monkey-females. "And they say air is harmless!" Nuthatch joked grimly to me afterward. Most disturbingly, for days after the experiment the chimps exhibited grossly dysfunctional behavior patterns—clutching their genitals, rolling and writhing about aimlessly and showing unprovoked fear and hostility any time Dr. Nuthatch approached their cages. This pattern Dr. Nuthatch has dubbed "awholesome behavior syndrome," and he says he can perceive it in teenagers everywhere nowadays. Even in his sleep.

Critics, some even within NISA itself, have faulted Dr. Nuthatch's methodology on occasion. However, scores of NISA researchers are currently testing such promising hypotheses as the notions that URA causes impotence and satyriasis in men, frigidity and nymphomania in women, absolute infertility in both sexes and birth defects.

KIDS!

**WIN
DESPERATELY-
NEEDED
PARENTAL
APPROVAL AND
\$\$\$ IN YOUR
SPARE TIME!**



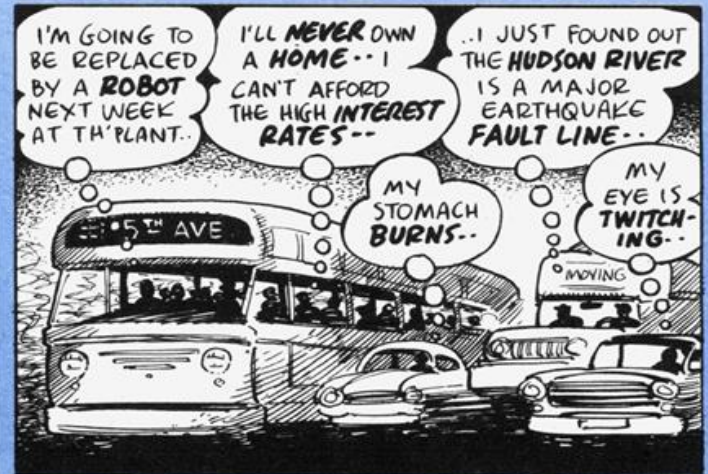
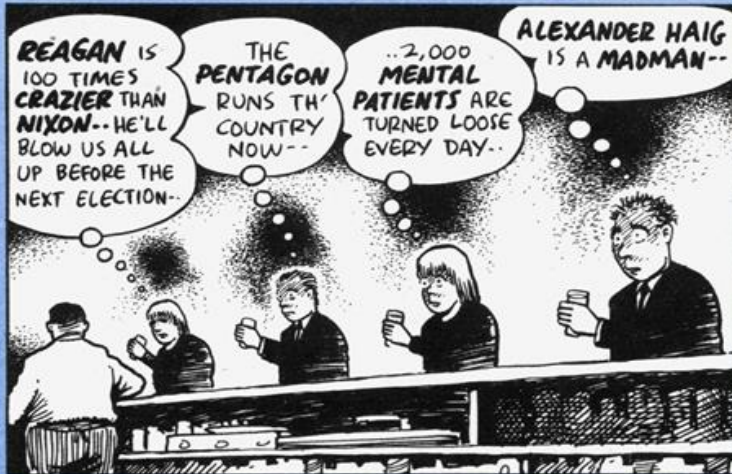
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252 A DEFENDANT IN A FEDERAL DRUG case has provided a detailed account of how he said government agents entrapped him and sought to turn him into an informer against United States Representative Frederick W. Richmond.... But Mr. Marino said that later, while he was in a marshal's custody awaiting arraignment, Mr. Hanley and his partner, Gary, visited him in the room where he was being held. According to Mr. Marino, Mr. Hanley said:

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New York Times, Feb. 11, 1981

253 "A GIFT OF FRAGRANCE... always, a beautiful thought; but never more than at this special time of the year. And when the fragrance is Opium, the gift becomes just that much more special. Opium... created in the mind's eye of Yves Saint Laurent. A fragrance so deep and mysterious, so truly sensual... the message of love and luxury cannot be lost on the woman who receives it. Opium: a sybaritic blend of the rarest spices, the most precious oils and flowers, the most exotic notes. Now for the holidays... and forever. Parfum, one precious ounce, \$130..."

Saks Fifth Avenue ad, New York Times, Jan. 22, 1981

254 A THOUSAND YEARS AGO BHANG was almost a sacrament in India. Today India is becoming more competitive and she has imposed some controls on hashish.

255 A VERY COMMON SENSATION TO the hashish-smoker is to identify himself with the objects. You are the tree, the bird, the wall. By a curious kind of substitution, you will feel yourself evaporating and it seems as if the pipe, in which you are gathered together and packed down like tobacco, is smoking you.

Charles Baudelaire, Les paradis artificiels, 1860

256 A 30-YEAR-OLD MALE DRUG abuser in New York City was hospitalized Jan. 2, 1982, 3 days after the onset of progressive neurological symptoms that included dysphonia, dysarthria, dysphagia and dry mouth, dyspnea, and bilateral arm weakness. The patient was admitted several days after attempting to inject cocaine intravenously. This is the first report of botulism directly associated with drug abuse...

Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report Feb. 26, 1982



257 IN FEBRUARY 1982, THE SURGEON-General of the U.S. announced that cigarette smoking is the major single cause of cancer mortality in the U.S., and that the toll in 1982 is expected to be about 129,000 lives. He also stated that cigarette smoking is the largest preventable cause of death known today. Look in your current copy of the *New York Times*, *Village Voice*, *Soho News*, *Ms.*, etc. and see if they are still advertising (pushing for pay) this incredibly fatal drug!

Tuli Kupferberg

258 AFTER SMOKING THERE ARE TIMES when I literally feel as if I'm a huge cunt. And that he's a large penis.

22-year-old coed in The Sexual Power of Marijuana

259 ALCOHOL ACCOUNTS FOR ABOUT one-third of all deaths reported as suicide and 50% to 60% of all crimes of violence; about 20% of all people in state mental hospitals; over 50% of all automobile fatalities...

c. 1965

260 SAN DIEGO, SEPT. 19 (UPI)—A federal grand jury has indicted 27 persons in what the jurors termed a plot to smuggle \$320 million worth of marijuana and cocaine into the U.S. The authorities said that the ring used the talents of former Green Berets, three huge airplanes, Franklin D. Roosevelt's yacht and a minesweeper...

New York Times, Sept. 20, 1980

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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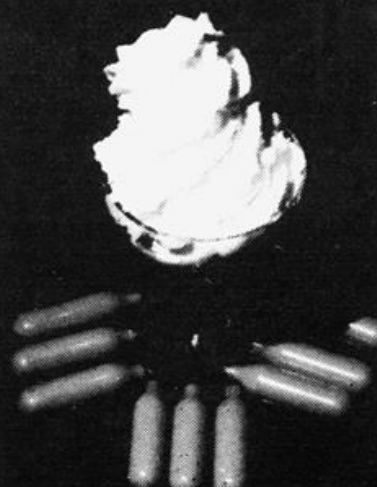
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INTO THE NIGHTLIFE

continued from 48

zines, feels there is a "quotient of unusual sensitivity" that is as old as the race and that runs through certain strata of "psychically overdeveloped" people; a historical figure like Thomas DeQuincey, the 19th-century English poet and confessed opium eater, represents these types; DeQuincey may simply have been biologically unprepared for dealing with the "normal" anxieties of life; his nerves were too "raw," his receptors less protected than other people's; individuals afflicted with this morbid sensitivity—which has been hard to isolate and examine because it is dreaded, conveying weakness, "unmanliness"—have a tendency toward inversion, a concern with the self so great it nullifies nearly everything else; this inversion can be sexual, and in the last 20 years has involved drugs; at bottom it's self-consuming rather than self-exploratory; Burroughs has speculated that heroin is a "fortifying experience" for the "endocrinologically deprived." Heroin and its brothers, morphine, Dilaudid, Demerol, tamp down the molecular receptor sites; if the dope is good enough, it turns a key in the brain; morbid sensitivity goes bye-bye for a while and you are free to act like those less sensitive men who can tamp their receptors down with a half case of beer and back-to-back TV football games...

In its more spectacular states, when the desire for self-involvement has turned into a lust for self-penetration, when anality has "taken over," become a circular mockery, flattened the eyes and made them crazy—any bad night in the West Side "trucks," for example—the junk/sex murkiness starts to clear a little, and the problem is outlined in all of its banality: that's Dennis the Menace in his last stubborn playpen: "How do you want it, hips or lips?"; "If you rip skin up, it looks like pizza,"; and then the worst, the sound of the laugh, thin, constricted, a natural noise in a plastic tube, a portent of space sex, zero population growth, ultimate control, atomic goo-goo-da-da...

"What the hell, we all need love," David says, not kidding. What can be dumber than procreation? What's more space-fascist than the pill?

But even Burroughs murders his sublimations. He hangs his beautiful boys with electric nooses. Their eyes light up like red bulbs when they come, then blow out.

"He's just old. He's getting ready to close the show. We all need love," David repeats, and tells the story of his last mugging... He gets mugged a lot, but once he's high, David doesn't mind being robbed and beaten so much. It's actually part of the dope rush. It can always happen, and it heightens the moment, "intensifies experience." It's kind of beautiful in a funny way. You have to have done it to know the feeling. Junk is better than sex. When you're high it's so warm... you kind of know everything that's coming, and when it comes,

it just confirms how high you are, how right you are... it's like a blow job...

By our third month in San Francisco, Sandy was already changing. She had thick blond hair that always wanted to go wild, pre-Rasta Izro, so she let it. "Mom ought to see me now," she'd say, her beautiful brown eyes soft yet defiant, a timid rebel. She'd stand on a street corner on the working-class side of Russian Hill, buying tangerines and lettuce, so conscious of her long legs and tight buttocks, her firm little breasts, but when you pulled her hair, it was a nine-year-old who turned to smile at you.

Her gentleness was shocking. Genovese, the greengrocer, a fat northern Italian from Bologna, was half in love with her, and my old Uncle Ralph back in Boston, the savage of the family, affectionately called her "Sammy."

She missed her Irish setter, Oedipus; we couldn't take him when we moved because he was used to the open spaces of Brookline and the easy life in the big stone house where Sandy had grown up. Our new place was a sparse one-bedroom on Leavenworth Street. The dog was just too big.

So Sandy tried to compensate with people she picked up. She'd smooth old Genovese's whiskery face, and kid with him about doing a quickie; she'd chatter with the Mexican bums who hung around the park near Ghirardelli Square, listening to

their long tales of woe, then bring them home for "interpretation."

She was a good photographer but she was never sure. She photographed the weakest things—birds in the fog, cowboy alcoholics, North Beach transvestites, and, for a book she never finished, "The Children of 1984," lots of little hippie kids.

Sandy walked all over the city, hanging off the trolley cars in San Francisco's salty English air, and firing from crazy angles until the conductors kicked her off; it was wonderful to see her in the sun, trudging up those steep little streets with her cameras and lenses clacking, the beautiful bay below her, alert for a shot, the angle of a building in a slant of light that would capture the moment, San Francisco, California, spring 1970, Sandy, 23 years old...

I got a job at *Esquire* in New York. But Sandy didn't want to go. She had a bad feeling. In San Francisco, you could breathe, find your bearings. New York was no place to get it together. She needed to go slow. Her photography was working, she knew the place, she felt at home...

It came to a head. A terrible scene. All the things she'd done to make our first apartment were on the floor: a photograph from Provincetown, painted rocks from Muir Beach, a God's Eye knitted when I was sick... Sandy's child's face twisted bitterly, too far to come back from; she ran into Leaven-

continued on next page

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Kippie!

worth Street in her new skintight white bell-bottoms...

Later we sat on the curb and looked at our house: I told her something really terrible would have to happen before she "faced reality"; we were living in the world, and the world was shitty and scary, you had to be tough; she said there were too many beautiful, smart people in New York for me, I was smart in my head, but just a kid inside, like her; if I got scared, I'd reassure myself in the easiest way... "I'm older than you!" I yelled. "I've been through that!" Her eyes were very soft again as she agreed, but her voice had begun to go away.

Five years later in a cab in the East 50s, she stuck a spoon of coke up my nose. We'd just

cle under the perfect eye, dusty, bloody Moroccan leather, like Keith's, ripped to the tits in St. John's Wood, too high to make it through Boston Customs—even though reality was a ten-minute wait behind a fat kid with a dime-sized bald spot in Village Oldies.

Sandy thought this was rock 'n' roll. She was hanging around the club scene and photographing concerts. She grew ferocious at battering her way into the photographer's pit in front of the stage; she began collecting scalps: Randy Newman, Bad Company, Led Zeppelin, as if in the transfusion of saliva, semen, rectal mucus, she would at last be made smart enough and tough enough to enter a new belief system where you live without roots or rules, and thrive best in danger and madness, outside society, in

digs, I walked over to St. Vincent's to see Sandy; she'd called and said she'd had a bronchial asthma attack, too much exposure to the New York streets...

As usual, St. Vincent's looked like "Ten Days That Shook the World"; they were letting people go up in a freight elevator. This elevator stopped in the middle of the Spellman maternity wing, so I didn't pass any administrative checkpoints or get announced. I stepped into a hall where about six fathers were pressed against the glass, while two chunky nurses happily pointed out the right babies to them; next to the babies, like a reminder, a ward of groaning patients had spilled into the hallway. At the far end, a little Puerto Rican was arguing with a skinny woman dressed in a hospital shift and flip-flops. Her body was bent forward in an attitude of extreme demand. Her voice was hoarse:

"But I'm a *photographer*, I'm always moving around... you could give me enough for two weeks at a time, couldn't you? And I could come in like once a month? Don't you ever make special arrangements?"

Sandy was holding an unlit cigarette and her hand was shaking. The hospital shift was very short, and only fastened by a catch, so you could see a lot of her. Her arms were bare, too, and the inside of the right one was covered with hideous purple and yellow-green scars, from wrist to elbow. When she turned, her eyes were still beautiful.

"Hiya," she said, with a funny smile. "You still smoke?"

We took a little walk.

"Oh, babe," Sandy said, "I'm trying to get into a methadone program, but they won't give me a week's supply. They want you to keep showing up for your doses. How can I work if I have to leave town?"

Her boyfriend was a weekend chipper, and when his band broke up, he started mainlining. They'd had terrible fights about it. Sandy threw him out, but always took him back. He was "like a little rooster" onstage, she said, and a "big one in bed." And he needed her, and I never had.

"We were scared of the same stuff," I said.

"We were both too full of shit," she said.

We went over to the window and looked out at the low skyline of the Village along Seventh Avenue South.

She told me about Eldridge Street. The cops used it as a kind of audiovisual aide in the crimebusting movies they showed each other for PR purposes. Lots of grainy 16mm of sleazy-looking types ducking in and out of beat-up buildings; then a raid, the camera jerking along a peeling corridor, an elbow and a scared face disappearing around a dark corner; then a stash, piles of white powder and professional-looking scales below a couple of bulging bellies with fat little holsters perched on belts, or stuck under armpits; then a long shot, taken from a third-story room across the street: a file of skinny people in cuffs being led out, pretending to twist their faces away from the

"The dope's so bad, you don't even get that sick anymore," he says, eating carrot cake.



been to see Jersey Tickets, a guy from Jersey Sandy knew from her endless "photography" rounds in New York. She rode around the city on a bicycle, showing her portfolio, hustling jobs from editors at the *Voice*, *Creem*, *Rolling Stone* and *Circus*, and meeting characters... she called her work "photography," she liked the formal sound, it was something to hold onto...

The blow was good so we chattered all the way to 14th Street, the Palladium's midnight Lou Reed show... Sandy had kicked her new part-time boyfriend out for a few days; I was living in Chicago, working for *Playboy*: "How do the bunnies stand it? The smart ones stay stoned, the dumb ones dream about marrying Hef!"

We laughed very loud. We were both wearing black leather pants, almost the same size.

By the mid '70s Mass Hip had hit full force; in the best democratic tradition, suburbia's luckiest kiddies were experiencing cultural trickle-down, acting out the erotic daydreams of the hip elite of the '60s in neighborhood-sized sandboxes in cities across the nation: people called themselves "Morrison," "Van," "Jimi" and "Mick," even if they were women. They faked English accents and, if they couldn't afford blow or speed, flushed themselves out with Feenamint three times a week—the Feenamint Cure!—to stay ghastly looking. Beauty's ideal was expiring androgyny, the brutal cir-

"the rebellious imperatives of the self." She'd been reading Norman Mailer.

For the softer part of her, Sandy picked up a little drummer boy from a Long Island bar band. She stashed him on West 10th Street and, with some help from Brookline, paid most of the bills. She found another Irish setter and had a one-woman show at an East Side gallery; A.D. Coleman picked her as a comer in the *Village Voice*... she went around in a custom-made off-white leather suit from Michele and Anouchka, so tight people stared, even in the Village. She painted a star near her eye that looked like a tattoo. "What's it for?" I wanted to know. "It means a lot of things," she said, "but for you it means I don't think you're so great anymore."

I moved back to New York but I didn't see much of Sandy. I'd run into her. She was usually on her bike, usually alone; she always wore her star now, and she was bone thin. Her hair had become leonine and was beginning to get that street look, dull-shiny, worn, like the Village in April...

In 1978 I was trying to write my way out of a dead-end job at *Penthouse*. Two friends and I were collaborating on a film script about the hilarious adventures of a limo driver, the front seat versus the back seat, but somehow I wasn't feeling too funny. After a particularly rancid session at the more upwardly mobile friend's new downtown

camera...

"Right next door they're selling more shit than you'd wanna know about. The whole thing's a show. The Mafs and the cops control the downtown smack scene. Basically, neither one of 'em likes heroin, so they save their consciences by making sure it's weak. That's why it's three percent. When they finally close the street, the scene will just move..."

Little drummer boy wouldn't give up the needle, and when he was high you couldn't get near him, so one day Sandy tried some too. She got sick but when that was over she felt great. She went right into mainline, no snorting or skin-popping... Drummer boy drummed less and less. Their place became a shooting gallery. Then he began to deal.

"John!"

"...deposit ten cents for the next..."

"John, take this number!"

"Please deposit..."

"Goddamn you fuckin' asshole! Fuck you! Fuck you!"

"What's...?"

"831-7142!"

"Please deposit ten cents for the next five minutes..."

"I don't have a fuckin' nickel you lousy..."

"I've got it! Hang up! I'll call you..."

She'd been on the street for about a week. She was calling from the corner of 87th and Madison, she knew she was on the right block but she couldn't remember where I lived. She'd spent all her change misdialing, and she had a cabbie waiting who'd brought

"You think I've got a couple of years?"

The water was very hot, making her pink all over, beating her ratted hair down to blond mud around her skinny shoulders. Her eyes were bloodshot, and some of her cuts were running slightly. She looked like a young Masai, home from a lion hunt.

I washed her with a big Marseille soap and an old, torn sponge. I had a giant, striped, rich person's towel from a summer house in Southampton. I sprinkled talcum powder on her back and between her thighs...there were puncture marks all over, like vampires had been biting her...

She got in bed and sang me a little song, but she wouldn't stay the night. She was living with the male hustler now, and he was the jealous type. He was a coke junkie, a lot more expensive habit than heroin, so he'd introduced her to this lady...they were only doing it for a while. He was going to taper off and she was doing methadone...they were going to leave the city...New York ate you up...out West was easier...

She changed into some of my old clothes and we went to a coffee shop. She got a bran muffin down, and an orange juice. I gave her \$30 and walked her to the Fifth Avenue bus.

I called her father and he promised to pick her up and try to get her committed to a private hospital in Boston. I did my best to convince her to sign herself in. Two months later we succeeded.

I didn't speak to Sandy for a month, and then one night, in a lonely little house I'd rented in Springs, Long Island, I called a series of extensions at the hospital. A boyish voice answered. He was extremely cheerful. Sure, he knew who I wanted, wait a minute, he didn't think she was in "seclusion." She was somewhere on "the flight deck." Nearly five minutes passed before she got on.

Her voice had gone away. There was just the slightest little lift in it when she realized it was me, but I had failed her a long time ago, and now I was completely disembodied, another male voice wanting something, but not wanting it enough, and able to cut off whatever she might want just by hanging up...

"No, no, John, it's just...it's something called Haldol, and there's Stelazine, they don't give me much Thorazine...junk, junk was more fun...things, at least they weren't so far ahead of you..."

They let her out in December. By March she was in trouble with the Boston police, she was selling speed in the Combat Zone and the cops had chased her to some construction site. She'd climbed up a crane, crawled way out to the end of the cherry picker and taken off her blouse and bra. The picture was front page in the Boston *Globe*.

"Did you see me?" she asked, the next time she called. "I was wavin' at you...all my old men." □

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There were puncture marks all over, like vampires had been biting her.



The Nightlife schedule—up for three days straight, sleep for two; up till 7 A.M., sleep to 9 P.M.—made it hard to work for magazines. Sandy began dealing, too. For six months they had a lot of money; they paid cold cash for air conditioners, custom-made drums, a trip to Florida...then a couple of spades came by, jazz connections, club guys recommended them. They were holding Magnums. They got a couple of pounds of grass, a kilo of smack and a little blow, and thought there was more. They stripped Sandy, had a good time with her, and made drummer boy watch; then they stripped drummer boy and made Sandy watch; then they locked Sandy in a closet and used their rods on drummer boy's face; his wrists and ankles were wrapped with wire and his socks were stuffed in his mouth; he couldn't scream but he could cry. When he stopped crying and fell on his face, they knew he was telling the truth. They pissed on the wreckage and left the apartment.

A male hustler junkie friend from across the street came by to score, and let Sandy out of the closet. They loaded drummer boy into a cab and got him to St. Vincent's Emergency. The doctors wired his jaw shut.

"There was a time when life was better than dreams," Sandy said, looking down at Seventh Avenue. "You'd wake up from a bad dream and everything was okay...now it's worse."

her in from Brooklyn.

"I was gonna drop her at the hospital," the cabbie said, folding \$20 into his shirt pocket.

"Thanks, uh..."

She leaned against me and smiled. She had a broken tooth, but it felt like the old days.

"You think I'm hip yet?" she asked.

"You wanna go to sleep, or do you want something to eat?"

She giggled, "...how about loan me sixty bucks for a pair of French jeans?"

We made it into the elevator. She kept grinning. "Guy almost killed me in Brooklyn. He was a trick. He made me take all my clothes off in the car 'cause I wouldn't let him...he threw my clothes out and then he said he was gonna cut me down there..." She kept grinning.

"How'd you get your clothes back?"

"I started yellin' and he pushed me out. We were almost stopped. I walked back and got 'em. A lady called a cab for me."

My apartment's on the roof and I had all the windows open because it was getting warm, May 7, 1979.

I stripped Sandy and put her in the shower. Her jeans would have fit a nine-year-old, but they hung from her. Her pink velvet turtleneck was crusted to a street color.

"I'm gonna keep this thing as a souvenir," I said, rolling it up. "You're not gonna believe this in a couple of years."

**SNEAK
PREVIEW**

CONAN

≡ THE VULTURES OF BELARRA ≡

"Within those walls lies death!"

So spoke the aging, toothless, syphilitic vizier—Manny of Emsee Ay—as he clutched one iron-thewed forearm of the mercenary-scribe beside him: the man they called Milyus the Barbarian.

"Death! Death! Death... Oh, Barbarian of the West, of the Wind, of the Lion. Death to all who enter the Kingdom of Ellay; who brave the Valley of Bellara; breach the castle walls of Yoonivertzal; who cross cups and match wits with Caliph Deenoo Deelur Intis, and the dread Wizards of the Circle of Red Ink! Conan, the Cimmerian, may lie a prisoner



within those walls... But he perishes there! None can save him!"

Milyus shot a glance of disdain at the palsied, craven little wimp trembling at his side; and, with one offhand stroke, he casually decapitated him. Blood gushed skyward like a red geyser. Milyus sheathed his broad-ax, and raked the castle walls with a hawklike gaze. He was a great bear of a man: vulpine, leonine, equine, hirsute—steely-eyed, with muscles like cords of iron and nerves like wires of copper. A huge, battle-scarred IBM Selectric hung from one hip; a Mitchell Arriflex from the other. His expression was sardonic.

From far away came the clamor and clangor of cold steel; the yelps and shouts of Bellara's warriors at play, disemboweling each other with hearty strokes. Above, torchlight streaked the castle walls with gashes and slashes of gold. A black wind whined. Vultures swooped down from crags in the sheer cliff wall; and one of them seized the dying, headless vizier in its slaving beak. A white, naked, splendidly formed woman ran across the battlements above, pursued by a swarthy Shemite, laughing evilly and brandishing his huge and slimy staff. Black acid dripped; leopards leapt; banshees howled; jaguars gunned; eunuchs shrieked; and, from somewhere, came the overpowering reek of coagulating blood and sperm. Milyus's nostrils flared. He clutched at the talisman in his breachclout: the magic stylus of the wizard Roncob.

"Conan, my brother," he murmured. "Cimmerian! Where are you?"



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THE BARBARIAN

by Michael Wilmington

Conan the Barbarian: macho king of the pulps, the comics and Lancer and Berkeley paperbacks. John Milius: macho king of the movies (*The Wind and the Lion*; the great, neglected *Big Wednesday*; the screenplay for *Apocalypse Now*). Were they predestined for each other? Conan was the ultimate loner, the Odysseus of the pulps—a raunchy, murderous, hell-daunting mercenary and thief. Milius is Hollywood's ranking apostle of rugged individualism: an unabashed right-winger, gun collector and ex-surfing champ, who, it is rumored, was the real-life model for *American Graffiti*'s nonpareil drag-racer John Milner. Now

with 17 million-plus of Dino De Laurentiis's and Universal-International's dollars behind him, Milius has hurled his fictional brother-at-arms onto the screen—in an explosion of color, karate, katanas and barbarically imaginative sets and costumes by ex-L.A. *Free Press* cartoonist Ron Cobb (also a designer on *Dark Star*, *Alien* and *Star Wars*). Was it a fated meeting? Or will Conan slip through Milius's fingers, the way Brando's Kurtz did from Martin Sheen's Willard in *Apocalypse Now*?

Conan the Barbarian first swept bloodily into the arena in 1932—in the blackest years of the Great Depression, when a feeling of powerlessness and malaise gripped most of

America. From the beginning, he incarnated a fantasy of strength, horniness, cunning and a chutzpah that conquered everything—every inhuman foe, every depraved villain, every seductive wench. Perhaps he was the ideal hero for the last depression; perhaps his time has come again.

Conan was the brainchild of a 26-year-old Texan (and ex-anthropology and history student) named Robert E. Howard, who had been churning them out for the pulps since his teens. At first glance, Howard seems an unlikely fountainhead for the magnificent mercenary. He was a small-town boy, who rarely strayed from Cross Plains, Texas. Like most of Depression America he was strapped; he may have felt impotent, economically crushed. Despite his success, his straits were worsened by the fact that his main market, *Weird Tales*, was often late with payments. He was so dominated by his mother (whose hospitalization and terminal illness consumed much of his income), that, when she lapsed into a fatal coma, he shot himself in the head. At his suicide, he was only 30; he had written Conan stories for only four of those years. Beyond his prolific writing and omnivorous reading, he didn't live much of a life.

Conan, on the other hand, was a cocky, indomitable, bloody brawler of colossal appetites. He roamed everywhere, feared nothing, filched booty from every treasure trove and had a savage disregard for sexual proprieties. What he wanted, he took. Anyone who tried to stop him suffered decapitation—or worse. Conan cut his swath through a fanciful, prehistoric period called the Hyborian Age—basically a twisted version of ten centuries or so of actual history, which enabled Howard to put his rapacious hero in almost any period or place he desired. Conan is obviously Howard's fantasy-surrogate (the "Cimmerians"—Conan's tribe—supposedly evolved into the Gaels, the ancestors of today's Irish and



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Highland Scots. Howard's own antecedents were Irish). His roughhouse, dare-anything personality was a composite of the oilriggers, gamblers, outlaws, bootleggers and hell-raisers Howard met around South Texas. So was his racism; Conan has a predilection for rescuing his foxy ladies from the clutches of dusker races like the Shemites (read "semites"), the Kushites (read "blacks") and the Picts (read "Indians" or "Celts").

Conan was enormously popular in his day. He was like a randier, less gentlemanly Tarzan: the American libido completely unleashed. And his swagger and cutthroat panache were set off all the more by the backgrounds Howard gave him: often some degenerate, effete, silky evocation of sybaritic Asian splendor, written in an ornate, bejeweled prose that was a pulp nod to Coleridge and the Jacobean dramatists.

And Howard's death didn't kill him. In the '50s and '60s, science fantasy writer L. Sprague DeCamp revived the character—publishing a cycle of the old stories, mixed with pastiches of his own; and in the '70s, Marvel Comics immortalized him in cartoon panels. Now, in the '80s—largely through the offices of producers Ed Pressman (a cohort of Brian DePalma) and Ed Sommer (proprietor of a Manhattan comics store, Supersnipe)—Conan has reached the screen, with Dino De Laurentiis, \$17.5 million, and Milius behind the camera. If Rob-

ert E. Howard himself had ever seen \$17 million—in fact, if he'd ever seen the salary of the publicists or key grips on this project, he probably would have fainted from shock. And maybe he'd still be alive today, still churning them out...

The movie begins with a part of the Hyborian Age Howard never charted: Conan's childhood. We see him as a boy, born on a battlefield, privy to the "Riddle of Steel," and then a helpless witness as his nomad tribe of Cimmerians is hacked to bits by the nefarious Thulsa Doom (James Earl Jones)—a sadist with faraway eyes, who beheads Conan's mother, almost as an afterthought. The rest of the film becomes an elaborate revenge saga—deliberately shaped after John Ford's *The Searchers* and Kurosawa's samurai epics. Conan is imprisoned on a gigantic Wheel of Pain (a rotary grain mill); then thrust into vicious gladiatorial pit combats; then, escaping, he joins forces with the wily rascal Subotai (Gerry Lopez) and the Scandinavian bombshell Valeria (Saandahl Bergman), for a brief, spectacular career of mayhem and thievery.

Soon, however, he is back on the blood-feud track: He and his buddies hire out as free-lance deprogrammers to distraught King Osric (Max Von Sydow—far from Bergman), whose daughter has joined a proto-Moonie sect called The Cult of

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Set—coincidentally bossed by none other than Thulsa Doom himself. Doom has somehow whipped up a melange of snakes, flower power, drunken orgies, hippieism and Kahlil Gibran-style epigrams that is sweeping the countryside (Milius definitely misses a bet by not showing the "Setties" peddling their literature at the camelports). The unholy trio begins chasing Doom—and they eventually unleash a holocaust of bloodshed, sybaritic debauchery and destruction; with more slashings, decapitations and gut-skewerings than you could shake a quarterstaff at. "There were times," mused designer Cobb, "when I thought *Conan* might be the most violent movie ever made. I simply lost track of all the stabblings and beheadings, slit throats and barrels of blood we ran through during the shoot. You just never knew when you were going to round a corner and find a headless mechanical torso twitching its arms at you."

Milius's *Conan* has enough violence to satisfy everyone in the audience but depraved mass-murderers and Pentagon lobbyists. It also has rich dollops of sex and prurience—including Conan's spectacular quickie with the "Wolf Witch," a husky-voiced nymphomaniac who begins biting, scratching, turning phosphorescent and exploding during her orgasm and has to be pitched into the fire in self-defense. It has marvelously whacked-out sets and costumes by Cobb; mostly gorgeous cinematography by Duke Callaghan and Gilbert Taylor (whom Milius "terminated with extreme prejudice" after several weeks' shooting); unbelievably exciting stuntwork. But does it have Conan?

Iron-pumper Schwarzenegger is no muscle-bound ringer. He has charisma to spare, a musculature that Frank Frazetta might have dreamed up, and he does most of his own stunts spectacularly. But, somehow, he is missing Conan's sass, his cockiness, his devil-may-care panache. True, the Conan we see here is not the hard-bitten mercenary of most of Howard's stories; he's a callow Conan, poised on the brink of future carnage. He's a mercenary deb. But sometimes he folds too easily. And sometimes, paradoxically, Milius isn't violent enough. He restages the famous crucifixion sequence from "A Witch Shall Be Born," for example—and he has Conan crunch down on the vulture's neck with his teeth; but he ties the Cimmerian to the tree, instead of nailing him. What kind of crucifixion is that?

Of course, that simply underscores the great advantage poor Robert E. Howard had over John Milius and Dino De Laurentiis. Sitting at his desk in Cross Plains, Texas, back in 1935, Howard could *imagine* Conan tearing those spikes out of his feet with both bleeding hands. He didn't have to worry about keeping Arnold Schwarzenegger alive for the next scene. He was dealing with pseudohistory; and historical archetypes heal fast. Milius and Howard both spill oceans of blood, but Howard's still leaves the deeper stain. □

Ron Cobb is the iconoclastic ex-L.A. *Free Press* cartoonist who has gone on to design sections of the movies *Dark Star*, *Alien* and *Star Wars* (the aliens in the cantina sequence) and who, as art and costume designer, had "total aesthetic control" over the look of *Conan*. Reluctantly, he names Picasso, George Grosz, Goya and (SF illustrator) Chesley Bonestell as among his artistic influences; he is less reluctant—amazingly voluble, in fact—in discussing his contributions to, and reactions toward, the movie *Conan*.

HIGH TIMES: What was the shoot like?

COBB: A lot of fun. A bit nerve-racking. Extremely exciting at all times... It's a

se. I've never been a Conan fan.

HIGH TIMES: Why not?

COBB: I don't philosophically accept that vision of mankind. I don't see Conan as the ideal celebration of the individual. I think that's kind of a false notion; a very modern notion. A wandering rogue-adventurer—that's a very modern idea. And I've always been more intrigued with re-creating the past more accurately. It's kind of a lost cause to take this very modern idea—that comes from an eccentric recluse living in Texas—of what is essentially modern individualism, and project it into this very ancient world. I think Tolkien was more imaginative in creating an imaginary world...

I don't have a great *dislike* for Conan. I enjoy the fantasy and the fun of it. But I don't accept the central premise that it says anything about our past, or for that matter, about the true state of man in the world.

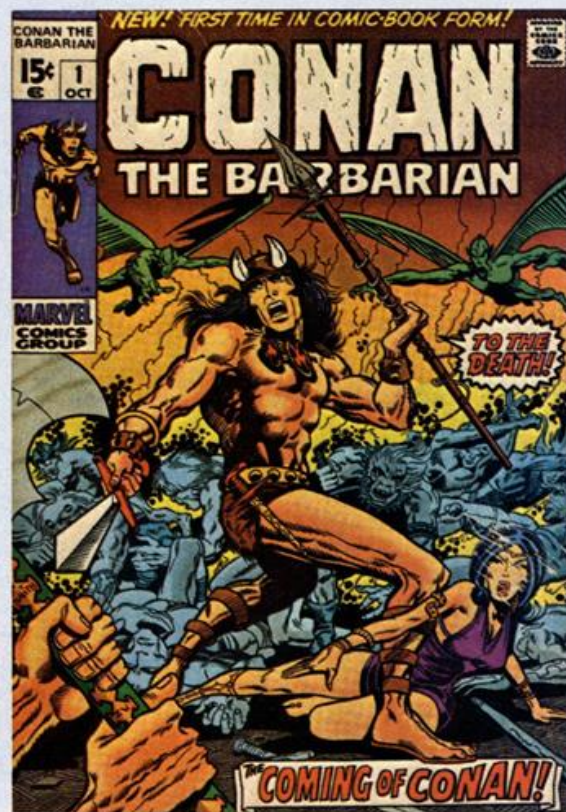
HIGH TIMES: Don't you think it was Howard's reclusive Depression existence that *created* these fantasies? The impotence becoming indomitability...

COBB: I don't mean to put Howard down. I really understand. I've grown up with people like that. I'm a bit like that myself. And I appreciate the brilliance and the intensity of his fantasies. I'm objecting to some of the *interpretations* of his work. I think it's a very modern parable, by a very modern—and probably intensely creative—man. It's just that I'm more intrigued by doing more with actual history.

HIGH TIMES: How much latitude did Milius and the produc-

ers give you with your designs and concepts?

COBB: Oh, an enormous amount. I mean, it was downright *scary*, because this is the first time anyone's given me an opportunity to fully design a film. John gave me total aesthetic control over the look of the film because he felt we thought alike about Conan. One of the things we were interested in doing was giving it a period or historical look—not a movie-studio fantasy look, but to re-create this world as though it really existed. A little of that faded in the shooting, but John very much appreciated everything I did and had a lot of faith in me. I'm very grateful to him.



strange film. It's got a lot of—a kind of amateur intensity; like a student film. It's like the best kung fu movie you ever saw.

HIGH TIMES: What gave you the most pleasure or fun while working on *Conan*?

COBB: I'm always attracted to something that involves a great deal of imagination and unconventional solutions to problems. And I guess the most unconventional design problem in all of *Conan* is the one that attracted me most: designing an entire world. Designing an "Earth" culture: of the Earth, but at the same time unlike any culture we've ever seen. That intrigued me far more than the Conan stories per

son of punk

by
JOHN SWENSON

rock book, *Gulcher: Post-Rock Cultural Pluralism in America (1649-1980)*:

ONE GOOD thing about British punk rock is how, at least in small doses, it's always good for a laugh. Punk rhetoric has its own scaly sort of wit; and though most of its practitioners usually at least pretend to the intellectual capacities of a marauding band of Visigoths, there has never been an English punk rocker who wouldn't try his hand at a little philosophy whenever the appropriate occasion comes around.

Given some of the boring fashion trends and outright art-rock pretensions of the electronic avant-garde that followed hard on punk's heels, more than a few pundits who skewered punk for its stupidity during its brief reign missed its dimwit vulgarity when everybody started donning pirate suits and floppy hats. After all, a good laugh is at least worth something.

As the great pop music prophet Richard Meltzer wrote in the definitive punk-

The main thing you can go and do is *act*, no wasting your time on 15-20 seconds of worthless relevant thought, just immediate action. What could be more vital to the revolution than the potential for immediate action, particularly when brought about by legally sanctioned means to make things even easier? Just imagine 5, 10, 20, 30 thousand students, each one of them soused on moonshine and swinging a bottle in a very circular motion, scaring the butts off administrators. Broken glass, pools of barf, slipping and sliding, corks being thrown in all directions, a good deal of blood and sickness, good spirit everywhere.

Meltzer anticipates in this passage the blunt nihilism that would later surface in the punk movement, thus defining rock 'n' roll as essentially antiestablishment. Not surprising, then, that punk should make a comeback on both sides of the Atlantic, so the current punk package tour of U.K. Subs and Anti-Nowhere League makes perfect sense.

The package is billed as "Hard Core Punk" and certainly you'd be hard pressed to find two other groups more capable of fulfilling such credentials. U.K. Subs are battle-scarred veterans of punk's initial incursion into the world of pop circa 1977. They resemble old dogs who've lost too many fights, and in fact they are no spring chickens; vocalist Charlie Harper is supposed to have had some sort of heart attack recently, although judging from his current activities it seems there may have been

some promotional hyperbole involved (heartburn perhaps?). Anti-Nowhere League are the current contenders to whatever throne punk rock may preside from—they are currently very popular in England with all sorts of people, from the National Front to Scotland Yard.

Harper played in blues bands in English pubs in the mid '70s before adopting the wall-on-noise sonic approach and studded leather style of the proto punks along with a host of other trendsetters at the birthplace of punk, the Roxy Club, in '77. On the strength of recordings like the underground smash hit "CID" and the ground-breaking *Another Kind of Blues* LP, the Subs became one of Britain's leading punk outfits.

The Subs fell out of favor in the trend-conscious pop marketplace that rules England, however, and were supplanted by younger bands until late last year when they helped spearhead the punk resurgence, coheadlining with another pioneer punk outfit, the Damned, at a "Punk Christmas" festival at Leeds.

On their new album, *Endangered Species*, the Subs have unveiled a new, more technically proficient sound that disposes of some of punk's notoriously rough edges for a more traditionally hard-rocking intensity. "Everyone thinks we're morons and we can't play intelligently," says bassist Alvin Gibb. "We've developed. We're proud that we can play well and that we've got the expertise. We don't want to lose the old fans, but the band has to progress, and the way we've planned it we hope

they'll follow through with us. Such statesmanlike reasoning was reflected in the Subs live performance at the Ritz, where the package debuted to the New York punk audience. There the band fashioned well-crafted feedback lines from their stacks of Marshall amplifiers, much in the tradition of "old wave" bands like Mott the Hoople.

Punk's history has been a sequence of outrages, an elaborate game of one-upmanship, with each successive wave stirring to outdo the grotesqueries of the previous group. This tradition has reached a veritable anticlimax of nihilism with the newest rage, Anti-Nowhere League. This quartet has built up such a frenzy of disgusting behavior and generalized venom that they're sure to be in the hate-rock vanguard for weeks to come. Few bands have epitomized the comic-book spirit of punk so well. The aptly named frontman, Animal, has cultivated the careful grooming posture of a man drenched in grimy, three-day-old sweat and tear-gas body odor, and likes to perform in medieval handmanacles and other equipment that makes bondage gear look like scout uniforms. His upper torso is covered with grotesque tattoos. The guitarists are more conventional-looking skinhead types, but the drummer is an absolutely vile-looking Iranian whose only utterances express his desire to make lots of money (might have made a bit of a mistake there).

These guys have apparently captured the imagination of Britain's youth. They keep alive the working-class rebellion that symbolizes rock in England with a version of the Haley classic "Rock Around the Clock" that changes the ly-



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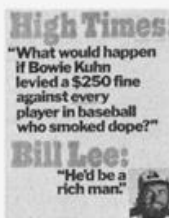
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ric in a slightly more suggestive direction. They scored a big hit with a cover version of folksinger Ralph McTell's "Streets of London" that opens with the strains of "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

But the Anti-Nowhere League anthem is "So What," a curdled-cream slammer of a tune reminiscent of the insistent buzz of the early Sex Pistols. The lyrics encapsulate the idea that no matter how outrageous the latest punk group gets, the ultimate result of such nihilism is boredom:

I've had scag
I've had speed
I jack off until I bleed
So what
So what
So what you boring little cunt

One would think that such sentiment would produce a mightily indifference, but apparently the Anti-Nowhere League has succeeded in striking raw nerves. Scotland Yard, acting on "complaints from the public," made a lightning raid at 9:30 one morning, simultaneously busting five record business companies, where 12,000 copies of the single were confiscated.

Their newfound celebrity status hasn't changed the Anti-Nowhere League at all, however. "We've got a lot of respect for tramps and dirty old men," says bassist Winston. "They do what they want, it's the ultimate thing. We'll play to anyone who wants to come and see us, be they punks, skinheads, heavy metallers or whatever. We are the League. We are what we are. We're just saying do something with your life rather than sit down on your arse. Screw your loaf. Don't listen to other people—do what you want."

Animal sums up the Anti-Nowhere League philosophy with the snarling association: "People are shit, life is great. I don't like anybody."

And the chorus of life, backed by 4,000 trombones playing "Theme from Shaft" answers "And nobody caaaares for me!"

THELONIOUS SPHERE Monk pissed a lot of people off. He played great music and they called him names. They called him a junkie. They called him a fake, a jive nigger. He put down the foundation for modern music and they took away his cabaret card so he couldn't work.

Monk broke every rule there was. He kissed no ass. He wore sunglasses and funny hats. The people who think jazz belongs in museums and fancy supper clubs took exception to his lack of decorum. They busted him and they busted him hard.

Yet they couldn't stop him from playing, and they certainly couldn't stop him from influencing people. When he died at the age of 65 earlier this year Monk had been in a long period of semiretirement and was safely acknowledged as a master, his revolutionary ways having been eclipsed by so many disciples that even the starchiest of collars no longer saw him as a threat.

Still, Monk's music retains its challenging edge to this day. Recordings he made in the late '40s and early '50s for

Monk's

by John Swenson

**MONK BROKE EVERY RULE.
HE KISSED NO ASS.
THEY BUSTED HIM AND
THEY BUSTED HIM HARD.**

Blue Note and Prestige are positively avant-garde in their rhythmic and harmonic conception today. It's ironic to note, in fact, the number of new-wave rock bands whose

obvious debt to Monk nevertheless leaves them sounding so much more conservative thirty years later. The Lounge Lizards are one group that comes to mind in this case.



New York Post/Arty Pomerantz

A number of limos lined the avenue in front of Saint Peter's Church, but there was nothing glamorous about these cars; their purpose was definitely funereal. The crowds had been gathering since early morning and many pressed against the window on the street level, peering down into the sanctuary where more than 1,500

would gather to say good-bye to Monk. I spotted a friend who worked with Miles Davis and asked if "himself" was coming. "No, too big a crowd," I was told. I patiently waited and squeezed into lines forming for entrance to Monk's final gig. I stood in the back, with a partially obstructed view, and began checking faces, looking for Dizzy Gillespie or other jazz legends.

Diz never did show, but just about everyone else did. Gerry Mulligan, looking neo-albino with his snow white mane and beard, was natty in a dark suit, his large baritone sax resting alongside him. Tommy Flannagan, Sheila Jordan, Randy Weston, McCoy Tyner and Marian McPartland and many others were in attendance and would perform during the service. All the numbers played were Monk's own, except for a

hymn, "Abide with Me," reminding us that Monk began his musical career as a gospel band leader at the age of 17.

About eight different sets were played that day, and the most popular selections were Monk's "Round Midnight" and "Straight, No Chaser." Mulligan did a solo and a set with Flannagan, then slipped out after about two-thirds of the nearly three-hour service. Max Roach did a special solo composed for Monk and George Wein. Walter Bishop, Jr., paid tribute, and jazz writer Ira Gitler delivered the eulogy. The open casket was directly in front of the pulpit, which was also the bandstand. The proceedings throughout were intelligent, serious, but also soulful, funky, if you will, much like Monk himself must have been.

—Tom Baker

Dream



Soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy, a superb theoretician who initiated a personal quest to interpret Monk's material, has been recording a series of LPs of Monk tunes. "I learned a lot more," explained Lacy, "in the process of listening and practicing, than merely the tunes themselves. The harmony, melody and rhythm are all interesting in Monk's tunes. I like their shapes and the way they interlock—the harmony gives the shapes colors."

The great jazz critic Martin Williams said, "Monk is the first major composer in jazz since Duke Ellington," a theme elaborated on by Gunther Schuller in his analysis of a track Monk recorded for Prestige in 1954. "A real revelation for me was Monk's rendition of the Kern tune 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.' Here Monk deliberately turns it from a tune into a composition by means of instrumentation and chord alteration. He achieves this by splitting up the melody between piano and 'horns' and by beautifully altering one chord: A instead of E-flat against which he plays a D-flat C-major seventh

in the right hand—one of the most beautiful spots in all of Monk. This is as good an example as I can find of the fact that *what* Monk actually plays is not so startling. It is juxtaposition of notes within a given context that is so highly original."

Schuller's description explains Monk's technique of playing "wrong" notes deliberately to make the listener aware of relationships between melody, chords and rhythms that they normally take for granted. His challenging use of surprise and dissonance anticipated developments in all fields of the arts. His sense of the innate structures of songs could well be traced to his school days when an interest in piano composition coincided with a fascination with physics and mathematics. But Monk was no cold-hearted theorist—he played since age 13 in bands and toured the country backing up a singing evangelist.

Monk's influence on other musicians began to be felt in the late '30s and early '40s when he played Harlem clubs like Minton's Play House and the Uptown House with

Lucky Millinder, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell and other musicians who would go on to lead the bop revolution.

In 1944 Monk recorded for the first time as part of Coleman Hawkins's group, and received his first serious notice as a composer when Bud Powell arranged for his band, which was led by Cootie Williams, to record the Monk composition "Round Midnight," which along with "Straight, No Chaser" is probably his most famous song.

Monk began recording as a leader for Blue Note in 1947. His quintet featured the great drummer Art Blakey as well as S-hib Shihab on alto saxophone, George Taitt on trumpet and Robert Paige on bass. Between '47 and '51 Monk recorded many of his greatest tracks with sidemen including Max Roach on drums, vibraphonist Milt Jackson, trumpeter Kenny Dorham and saxophonists Lou Donaldson and Lucky Thompson.

A 1951 narcotics bust kept Monk in jail for 60 days and out of work for six years after his cabaret card was revoked

due to his conviction, even though it was widely known that he took the fall for a pal. During that time he recorded occasionally, including the session described by Schuller. When Monk returned in '57 it was with the legendary quartet that included John Coltrane on saxophone, Wilber Ware on bass and Shadow Wilson on drums.

Gigs with the Coltrane group at New York's Five Spot Cafe on St. Marks Place in the East Village led to greater recognition for Monk, an orchestral recital of his compositions at Town Hall and a cover story in *Time* magazine. During the '60s Monk began to get the kind of acclaim appropriate to his tremendous influence. A series of records for Columbia featuring saxophonist Charlie Rouse yielded some excellent and some not very interesting sides.

Ill health kept Monk from performing much during the 1970s, although he performed in '75 at the Newport in New York Jazz Festival with a band that included his son Thelonious Jr. on drums. The last promoted concert by Monk was in '76 at Carnegie Hall. Late-night jazz fans at Bradley's, the fantastic University Place bar where the music rolls into the wee, wee hours, were treated to Monk's last public appearance one night when he dropped in unannounced to play his unwitting swan song.

Monk's recorded legacy is in pretty good shape. The following is a list of recommended records still in print:

The Complete Genius (Blue Note LA579-H2)
 Thelonious Monk (Prestige 24006)
 Brilliance (Milestone 47023)
 Misterioso (Riverside 6119)
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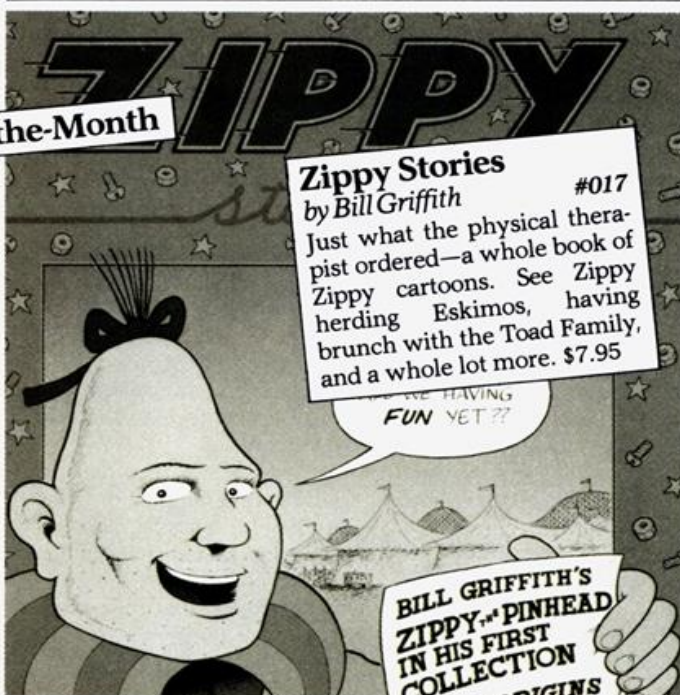
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Just what the physical therapist ordered—a whole book of Zippy cartoons. See Zippy herding Eskimos, having brunch with the Toad Family, and a whole lot more. \$7.95

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Commander Cody Band
Lose It Tonight
(Peter Pan TAS-12109)

Last year George Frayne, aka the Commander, vowed to the *HIGH TIMES* audience that he'd prove "this burned-out lunchmeat hippie could still do it," and proceeded to rip apart the Lone Star Cafe with an inspired set that harkened back to the hottest days of the Lost Planet Airmen. The live set at that time consisted mostly of new material, which has finally surfaced on this tremendous LP which rivals Cody's best writing. The burning anthem that kicks off his live shows, "Lose It Tonight," has the Commander howling and slobbering, "By the end of this song I'll probably be gone/You might find me passed out on your front lawn," as direct a challenge to each audience's partying shoes as you're likely to find. Then comes the great rocker "2 Triple Cheese," a *must* for aerobic dancing freaks. The rocking never stops here, from the mojo hand of "Either He's Wrong" and "All Tore Up," with its tremendous chorus, to the hokum revival of the hilarious "Go to Hell" and the wistful recollection of "Buddy's Cafe." In fact, side one is the all-time best Cody side, edging out side one of *Hot Licks*, *Cold Steel* and *Trucker's Favorites* by a fry or two. Go immediately to your local record store and demand a copy of this LP!!!



Simple Minds
Themes for Great Cities
(Stiff UK TEES 102)

Billed as the "definitive collection 79-81," *Themes* is just that, an album of the best sides from Simple Minds' first LPs. In the past couple of years Simple Minds has gone from being the top band of Glasgow, Scotland, to one of England's brightest hopes. They headlined last year's Futurama festival and provided one of the few roads out of the post-punk/futurist cul-de-sac that

has stalled so many other groups. Leader Jim Kerr suffers not unflattering comparisons to Jim Morrison at times, and such tracks as "Celebrate," "In Trance As Mission" and "Love Son" point them out as the wave of the future.

J.J. Cale
Grasshopper
(Mercury SRM-1-4038)

Cale, the slick-fingered, smoky-voiced Tulsa troubadour, is legendary for having written such classics as "Cocaine," "After Midnight" and "Bringing It Back from Mexico" as well as for having significantly influenced the likes of Eric Clapton and Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits. Cale's reticence to tour or promote himself has kept him fairly anonymous apart from those who know the legend, but *Grasshopper*, his seventh album, could well be the breakthrough Cale fans have waited for. The astonishing guitar playing on "Nobody But You" outdistances anything Cale has previously recorded. Other tracks, like the jazzy "Dr. Jive," the lilting "City Girls" and the choogling shuffle of "Devil in Disguise" help make *Grasshopper* one of Cale's best LPs.

Linton Kwesi Johnson
Dread Beat An' Blood
(Heartbeat 01)

Mikey Dread
Beyond World War III
(Heartbeat 02)

Big Youth
Some Great Big Youth
(Heartbeat 03)

These important reggae albums, available for the first time in the United States, mark the first releases of yet another promising reggae label on these shores. *Some Great Big Youth* anthologizes his best work from *Isaiah*, *Progress* and *Rock Holy* on the Negusa Negast label, and includes the great track "World War III." Toastmaster Mikey Dread, well known to fans of the Clash, is well represented by the anthologized combination of singles and tracks from a 1980 British LP that makes up *Beyond World War III*. But the best and most crucial of these albums is Johnson's masterpiece, *Dread Beat An' Blood*. This, Johnson's first album, was originally released in England in 1978. Johnson had already been known as one of England's best young poets, translating the rasta patois into a beautiful medium for assembling the oral history of London's desperate, oppressed West Indian community. The stark, prophetic songs on this record, particularly the chilling epic "Five Nights of Bleeding (for Leroy Harris)" anticipates the social upheavals that would eventually explode in the Brixton riots of the early '80s.

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STAND BACK!

continued from page 58

Modern scientists who are studying bio-energy and the Force are shaping what is called new physics: discovering and interpreting alternative rules for our overall existence. The old physics (e.g., what goes up must come down) are on the way out. Current studies into the mysteries of mental telepathy and extrasensory perception may one day put Ma Bell out of business. D.D. Home, St. Joseph and countless others have proven that the human body is capable of generating some mysterious force that can negate gravity and manipulate physical matter. If all this energy could be unleashed in a controlled manner, we could change the world almost overnight. If we could bend time just slightly, we could peer around the corner into the future and avert wars and catastrophes.

Everything is interrelated. The red-eyed monsters of our forests, the sea serpents, the howling phantoms of the night, the strange lights that streak through the black skies, the children who bend keys and the old men who are haunted by dreams of the future, all are part of the same fabric, the same cosmic explosion. We are careening into a new Age of Magic where psychokinesis and levitation may be normal and the Force will be with us all. □

NO SATISFACTION?

continued from page 55

I wanted in bed, and that always involved my being able to totally let go. In other words, I wanted to dominate in order to gain submission. I got pretty good at it, too. Trouble was, I tended to forget about the needs of my mate, as was the case with Peter, my former lover. I always thought he was getting what he needed. Weren't we "sharing" our love and concern for each other? I let him know gratefully how much he was pleasing me. I stroked his ego. He felt flattered. He was doing a "good job." And in our society, men are raised to do their job, almost before anything else. But after a while, there was a restlessness, a dissatisfaction. He couldn't put his finger on it. In the end, he decided he just needed variety and found another girl friend or two, and our relationship went downhill after that. As far as I know, he's still feeling a little restless and he still doesn't know why.

I'm not saying that I was so blind as to never make efforts to "do him," as in perform fellatio, or stroke him in other ways. But I can't say that, with Peter, I ever spent an entire lovemaking session being the one in control. Yet he had, on many occasions. With my current lover, Charley, things are different. We've talked about role reversals a lot and I've tried to find out what it's like to be in the traditional male role while making love for hours at a time. And you know what? It's damned exhausting, both psychically and physically. I can make love for days when I'm the one who's mostly on the receiving end; not so the other way around.

Let me tell you, I've gained a whole new appreciation for the frustrations and dissatisfactions men often feel when dealing with sex, in both long- and short-term situations. Perhaps you might want to get into exploring the idea of loving domination and submission with your own girl friend or wife. And remember, I'm talking about the kind of sex play where domination means having one's partner receive that which he or she most truly desires. And submission means letting go of any and all responsibilities as to decision making during sex. It doesn't have anything to do with sadomasochism (although I suppose it could, but it's not my cup of tea).

"I can't get no satisfaction"—15 years ago Mick Jagger made that phrase famous. Millions of us would have to agree that even now, after all the consciousness raising and Masters-and-Johnson probing, we're not all that much better off in the sexual satisfaction department. Perhaps a loving exploration of what sexual domination and submission can really feel like is the beginning of an antidote to the lover's blahs most of us feel after the chase is over. Just remember: Whatever role you've been most comfortable with, choose the opposite. Here's hoping you find a way to receive as well as take, to experience submission to sexual ecstasy. Now that's true liberation. □

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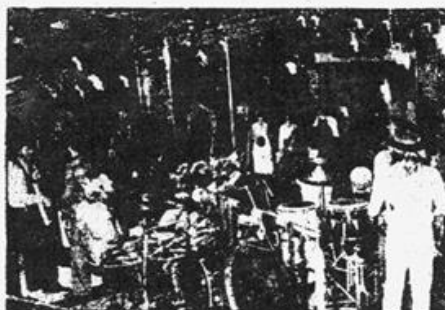


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HIGH TIMES READER SURVEY

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1. For how long have you been a reader of *High Times*? (Please put an "X" next to your answer)

- This is my first issue ()
Less than 6 months ()
6 months to 1 year ()
1 to 2 years ()
2 to 3 years ()
3 to 4 years ()
4 or more years ()

2. How do you usually obtain the copies of *High Times* that you read?

- At a newsstand ()
At a head shop ()
Through the mail/subscription ()
From a friend/relative ()
Other (Please specify)

3. How long do you generally spend with an average issue of *High Times*—we mean total time including each time you pick it up.

- Less than 30 minutes ()
30 minutes to 59 minutes ()
1 hour to less than 2 hours ()
2 hours to less than 3 hours ()
3 hours or more ()

4. How long do you save each issue of *High Times*?

- Up to 2 months ()
2-3 months ()
4-5 months ()
6 months ()
7-11 months ()
12 months ()
More than 1 year ()

4a. Not counting yourself, how many other people read or look through your copies of *High Times*—we mean the average number per issue. (Fill in blank) _____

5. Which of the activities listed below did you or other members of your household engage in during the past 12 months?

- Attend live rock concerts/festivals/events ()
Bicycling ()
Boating/sailing ()
Camping/backpacking ()
Hunting/fishing ()
Flying a private plane ()
Listening to music on stereo equipment ()
Photography ()
Reading books for pleasure ()
Skiing ()
Tennis ()
Bought or ordered some product or service seen in *High Times* ()
Discussed an article or ad in *High Times* with someone ()
Attended politically oriented rally ()

6. Besides *High Times*, what other magazines do you buy at the newsstand, subscribe to or read regularly? By regularly, we mean 3 out of 4 issues.

- Cosmopolitan ()
Easy Rider ()
Life ()
Mademoiselle ()
Mother Earth ()
Mother Jones ()
National Enquirer ()
National Lampoon ()
New Age ()
Newsweek ()
Playboy ()
Penthouse ()
People ()
Psychology Today ()
Rolling Stone ()
Soldier of Fortune ()
Time ()
Working Woman ()
Other (Please specify) _____

7. What is your favorite* regular feature or column?

- Centerfold ()
Cocaine Confidential ()
Connoisseur ()
Getting Off ()
Grow American ()
Highwitness News ()
Flashes ()
Interview ()
Last Words ()
Seeds 'n' Stems ()
Trans-High Market Quotations ()
Other _____

8. Which of the following items do you or anyone else in your household own? (Please put an "X" next to each item that applies. By member of your household we mean any others living with you most of the time, whether related or not)

- Musical instruments:
Drums ()
Electric bass ()
Acoustic/electric guitar ()
Amplifier ()
Horns (brass) ()
Organ ()
Piano ()
Synthesizer ()
Home stereo/hi-fi system:
Component system ()
Console system ()
Compact system ()
Cassette unit ()
8-track unit ()
Car sound system:
AM-FM radio ()
CB radio ()
Built-in cassette deck ()
Built-in 8-track deck ()
Police-band monitor ()
Home accessories:
Color television ()
Black & white TV ()
Video taperecorder ()
Home computer ()
Hand calculator ()
Typewriter ()
Portable cassette recorder/player ()
Portable 8-track recorder/player ()

9. How much money have you spent in the past 12 months on hardcover or paperback books, not including textbooks?

- None ()
Less than \$10 ()
\$10 to \$24 ()
\$25 to \$49 ()
\$50 to \$99 ()
\$100 or more ()

10. Have you purchased anything at a health food store in the last seven days?

- Yes () No ()

11. How many times during the past week have you purchased something at a health food store? (Fill in blank) _____

12. Which of the following types of cameras do you or does anyone in your household own? (Please put an "X" next to each item that applies)

Polaroid ()
 Instantatic or other
 cartridge-load camera ()
 35mm automatic single lens reflex ()
 35mm manual single lens reflex ()
 Twin lens reflex or larger format ()
 Movie camera ()
 Videotape camera ()

13. Thinking only about the last camera someone in your household bought (except movie or videotape cameras), what was the approximate cost, including any accessories? (Please place an "X" next to the amount spent; if you don't know for sure, what is your best guess?)

Under \$25 ()
 \$25-\$99 ()
 \$100-\$299 ()
 \$300-\$499 ()
 \$500 or more ()
 Haven't bought camera ()

14. How many times have you camped out overnight in the past 12 months?

1-2 times ()
 3-6 times ()
 7-10 times ()
 11-15 times ()
 More than 15 ()
 None ()

15. How many packs of cigarettes, if any, have you smoked in the past seven days?

None ()
 1-2 packs ()
 3-8 packs ()
 9-20 packs ()
 More than 20 ()

16. How many of the following items have you purchased? (Please circle the quantities of each item purchased in the time period specified)

Records and tapes in the past month:

LP record albums 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 X = 10 or more

Blank tapes (8-track or cassette) 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 X = 10 or more

Prerecorded tapes

(8-track or cassette) 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 X = 10 or more

Clothing in the past 3 months:

Jeans 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 X = 10 or more

Slacks or pants 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 X = 10 or more

Pairs of boots 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 X = 10 or more

Other leather goods 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 X = 10 or more

17. Please indicate how often, if at all, you drank each of the following alcoholic beverages in the past month. (Please place an "X" in the space provided in each appropriate column)

	None	1-2 Times	3-5 Times	6-9 Times	10-14 Times	15-plus Times
Domestic Beer	()	()	()	()	()	()
Imported Beer	()	()	()	()	()	()
Domestic Wine	()	()	()	()	()	()
Imported Wine	()	()	()	()	()	()
Tequila	()	()	()	()	()	()
Tennessee Whiskey	()	()	()	()	()	()
Bourbon	()	()	()	()	()	()
Blended or American Whiskey	()	()	()	()	()	()
Vodka	()	()	()	()	()	()
Rum	()	()	()	()	()	()
Gin	()	()	()	()	()	()
Scotch	()	()	()	()	()	()
Liqueur	()	()	()	()	()	()
Other alcoholic beverages	()	()	()	()	()	()

18. How many of the following items do you or someone else in your household own? (Fill in blanks)

Backpack
 Sleeping bag
 Tent
 Hiking boots
 Vans
 Off-road vehicle
 On-road motorcycle
 Roller skates
 Skateboards
 Bicycle

19. We'd now like to find out what kinds of recorded or taped music you've bought either for yourself or to give to others. (Please put an "X" next to the types of music you've ever bought; indicate as many as apply)

Easy listening ()
 Soft rock ()
 Hard rock ()
 Punk rock ()
 Country/western ()
 Soul/R&B ()
 Blues ()
 Disco ()
 Jazz ()
 Classical ()
 Broadway/TV/Movie soundtracks ()
 Folk ()
 Religious/gospel/spiritual ()

20. About how much money, if any, did you spend in the past month for alcoholic beverages consumed at home or in a bar or restaurant?

None ()
 Less than \$5 ()
 \$5 to \$14 ()
 \$15 to \$29 ()
 \$30 to \$49 ()
 \$50 or more ()

21. Which of the following credit cards, if any, do you have use of? (Please place an "X" in the space at the right of the name of the credit card used)

None ()
 American Express ()
 Master Charge ()
 VISA/BankAmericard ()
 Department store charge ()
 Gas/oil company card ()
 Carte Blanche ()
 Diner's Club ()

Finally, we have just a few questions we'll use for classification purposes only—

22. Your sex:

Male ()
 Female ()

23. Your age:

Under 16 ()
 16-17 ()
 18-20 ()
 21-24 ()
 25-29 ()
 30-34 ()
 35-39 ()
 40-49 ()
 50-59 ()
 60 or older ()

24. The last grade of schooling you have completed—

8th grade or less ()
 Some high school ()
 High school graduate ()
 1-2 years college ()
 3-4 years college ()
 College graduate ()
 Some graduate school ()
 Graduate degree ()

25. Are you still in school or college?

Yes () No ()

26. Are you currently employed?

Full-time ()
 Part-time ()
 Not employed ()

If you are employed:

27. What is your occupation? (Please write in)

28. Do you own your own business?

Yes () No ()

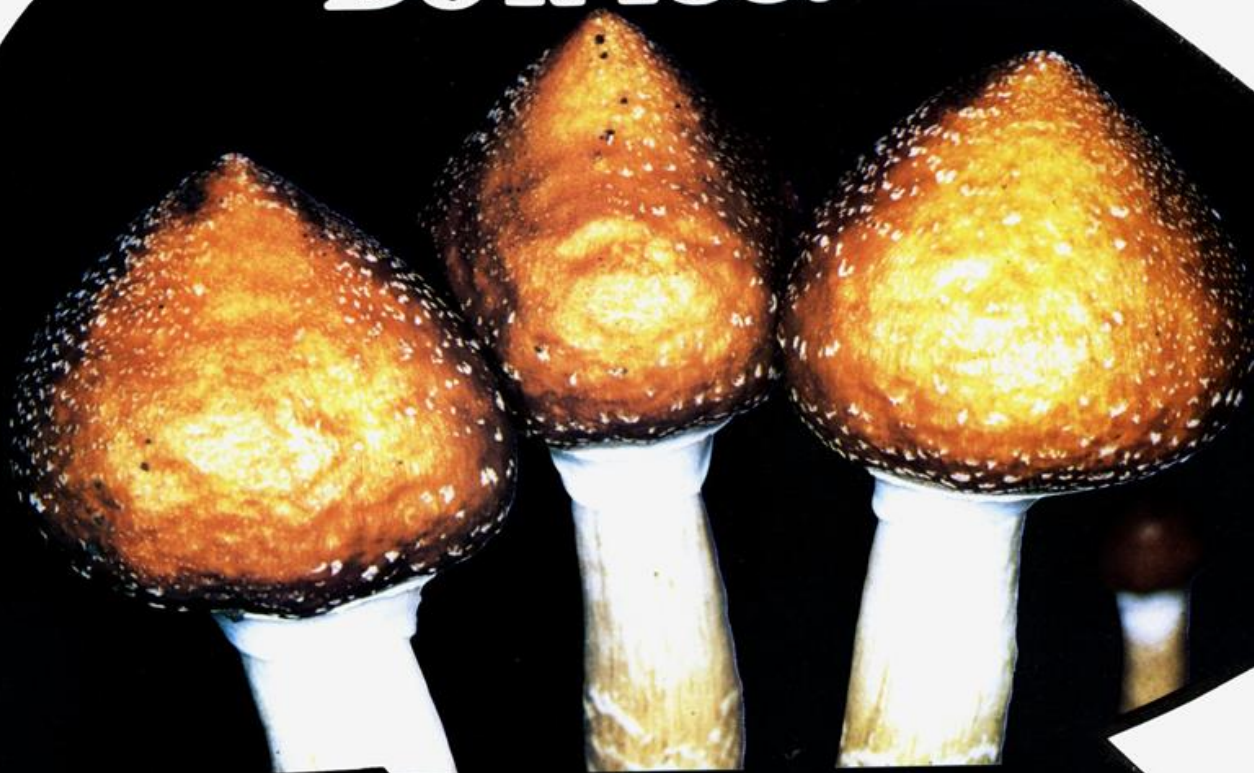
29. What is the total average yearly income for your household, including all members?

Less than \$3,000 ()
 \$3,000-\$5,000 ()
 \$5,000-\$7,500 ()
 \$7,500-\$10,000 ()
 \$10,000-\$15,000 ()
 \$15,000-\$20,000 ()
 \$20,000-\$25,000 ()
 \$25,000 or more ()

30. In what state do you reside?

Thanks!

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High Times

JUNE 1982



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